

Vol. 2
Issue
#1

HEAD IN A MILK BOTTLE



TOMORROW'S CAVEMAN

PLUS

THE HATE BOMBS THE PLUTONIUM KIDZ



THE GREENHORNS

REVIEWS

COMIX

**JOEY
RAMONE
RIP**

LAS VEGAS SHAKEDOWN

THREE NIGHTS OF PUNK
BROKEN BLUES & PRIMITIVE RAWK!



FRIDAY

X (Australia)
The Toilet Boys
The Amazing Crowns
The Dirtbombs
Bob Log III
Venus in Fuzz
Sons of Hercules
Los Infernos
The Embrooks
Warlocks
The Hard Feelings
The Excessories
The Richmond Sluts

SATURDAY

DMZ

The Humpers
The Nomads
The Fleshtones
Nebula
The Dragons
'68 Comeback
The Horrors
King Bros.
Immortal Lee County Killers
The Eyeliners
Speedbuggy
Red Planet
The Evaporators
The Short Fuses
The Blow Up

SUNDAY

The
White Stripes
Knoxville Girls
Zen Guerrilla
The Gaza Strippers
Black Halos
Fireballs of Freedom
The Mullens
Chicken Hawks
The Come Ons
Throwrag
The Peeps

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WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED???

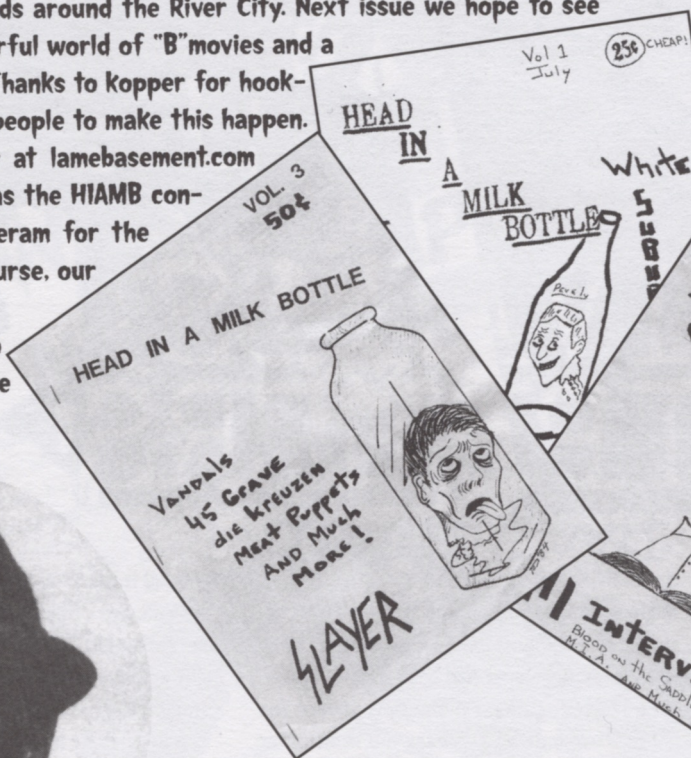
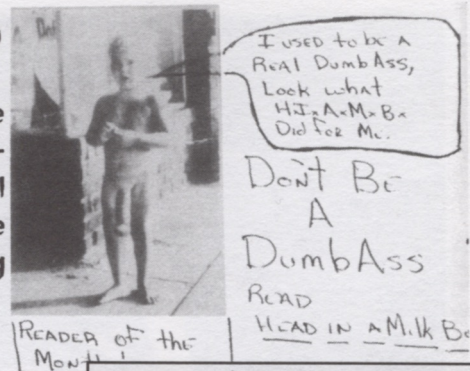
Okay so there hasn't been a new issue for 15 years. Our founder, Jim has retired from the punk rock/publishing biz to become an ace independent contractor in the food prep industry and a fanatical Rams season ticket holder. He has threatened to submit material but until then we have his probationary blessings to rebirth his legacy—a 'zine that covers the wide world of punk, garage, beat, surf, hot rod and other dickshakin' music without forgetting about the great local bands around the River City. Next issue we hope to see coverage from the wonderful world of "B" movies and a new "Miss Milk Bottle". Thanks to Kopper for hooking me up with the right people to make this happen. Thanks to the guys over at lamebasement.com for all their help as well as the HIAMB contributing staff. Neil Motteram for the Hate Bomb pics and of course, our advertisers. This issue is dedicated to Chuck (Retro) DeClue... we miss ya' pal.

-Bob



Jim Agnew, original editor/publisher of this ol' rag, is still involved, but only on a contributory level. Our esteemed editor is Bob "Slack" Thurmond of Lame Basement fame. Other writers/reviewers and contributors include Kopper and jAIMz (of The Wayback Machine radio show), Maija Anderson (former editrix of Made 4 TV webzine), Jon Varner (of The Brand New Broken Homes), Jason Rerun and Ann Blanchard (of the Scene of the Crime radio show), Christian Hott (drummer of The Adult Toys), Matt Bug (of Ded Bugs fame), Lee Whitfield (of the Headshop radio show), Tim Lohmann (former editor of Static, Inc. and current member of Tomorrow's Caveman), and our graphics/layout guru is Bill Streeter (of WebFu.com).

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THE CRIPPLERS



By kopper

THECRIPPLERS played what was billed as their "Farewell Show" at the Hi-Pointe on Saturday, March 3rd with another fantastic local punk band, Ded Bugs. Maybe it was just the fact that this could potentially be the last time we'd ever see The Cripplers on stage, up close and personal, but they were definitely fired up for this gig. They got up and without any fanfare proceeded to put on probably the most insane, blistering set of fierce rock-'n'roll savagery that they've ever performed, at least in my mind.

In case you've been living in a fucking cave the past five years you should be aware of what a phenomenal band this was (is?). These cats were the true gutsy no-holds-barred rock'n'roll needle in the almighty over-hyped and under-appreciated haystack of this so-called music scene. Theirs was a style of trashy, inbred, hard-edged, raw, wild rock-'n'roll that's too difficult and pointless to pigeonhole into any certain genre, so by default we're expected to slap whatever label is most convenient on 'em. Yes, their LOUD lo-fi slop definitely had a heavy and obvious garage punk feel, but there were also elements of country, rockabilly, and even some low-down & dirty blues now and then. But they laid it all out in front of you in a pure rootsy punk rock-'n'roll form that harkened back to the mid-'70s and bands like The Heartbreakers, Pagans or NY Dolls. Hell, it harkens back to Jerry Lee Lewis, too! To have this sort of blend of styles and to hear it done so well, with so much wild abandon, was truly unique, especially for THIS music scene. Their music SCREAMED of the Midwest, especially on tracks like "Boone County" and "Working Man." You want similarities? All right, then ... how 'bout

the Obivians, Supersuckers, Quadrajets, or fellow Columbia rockers the Revelators? That should give the uninitiated a good idea as to what troth these boys had been dipping their beer mugs into (and if you've never heard any of the above four, let's just say you've got some learnin' to do!). Then there's the obvious tip of their caps that they paid to their influences by covering the likes of Joan Jett, the Modern Lovers, Shane MacGowan, Fang, Bob Dylan, and others.

These guys have always had the balls-out energy and wild stage antics that put them head and shoulders above other St. Louis bands with the tendency to stay glued to one spot with little or no stage presence. Yet it's unfortunate that this very same aggressiveness (OK, and probably some poor band management, too) was probably the biggest thing keeping them (and many bands like 'em) from attaining any sort of mainstream notoriety in these days of predictable, watered-down corporate alternapunk crap.

Anyway, this "Farewell Show" was no different from anything we, as diehard Cripplers fans, had grown to appreciate and expect from this band. Of course the crowd went fuckin' bonkers and everyone was bouncin' around and going apeshit (at least up front—I'm not sure WHAT people could have been doing toward the back of the bar). Fucking ACE performance. It was also very cool to see so many folks from out of town, like former Revelator, Jeremiah, who was obviously there to help pay tribute to the band that took the torch from his old band and kept the flame lit at least a few more years...

All in all it was a fantastic turnout. The place was packed and YES, the Cripplers rocked like they'd never rocked before. I really believe these guys should reconsider this silly breakup, and rumor has it they will do just that, if singer/guitarist Jeff King and bassist Tim Hopmeier can move their happy asses to St. Louis from the band's previous stomping grounds of Columbia, MO. Well, I hope so, anyway, cuz The Cripplers are definitely one of the best rock'n'roll groups this city's ever seen, and I'd hate like hell to see a band like that just disappear, or try to imagine the St. Louis scene surviving without them. But I also realize that great things can't last forever. So if it really IS the end, then damn, they went out with a bang, and we at least have our memories! The band has indicated that their much-anticipated CD, "One More for the Bad Guys," will finally see the light of day sometime this summer. If and when that happens do yourself a favor and pick it up, listen, and learn. ¡Viva Los Cripplers!

NEWS FLASH! The above epitaph was written before news was received at HIAMB central that Los Angeles based garage punk label DIONYSUS RECORDS has decided to sign The Cripplers. Details of the arrangement are not yet known, but it looks as though The Cripplers might be forced to stave off plans of an early retirement from rock 'n' roll! FUCK YEAH!!



MISS MILK BOTTLE



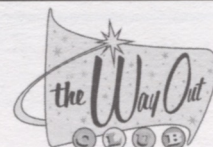
A highlight of HIAMB's glorious past resurrected for our... er, YOUR enjoyment! We here at HIAMB World Headquarters have decided to launch a new and improved sweetheart search in order to bring back this great feature (not that any of the previous "Miss Milk Bottles" were exactly sweethearts, but hey, we can dream, can't we?). We would, of course, prefer submissions from local St. Louis girls (and guys) to feature in future issues of HIAMB as "Miss (or Mr.) Milk Bottle," although we will gladly accept them from other exotic places as well. The rules are pretty simple:

1. No visible tattoos (small ones can be covered up);
2. No facial piercings and no radical hair... we're looking for cute over trendy and demure rather than blatant;
3. Remember, knock-dead glamour is far from essential and attitude speaks volumes more than a so-called perfect body... Don't feel that you have to be some pre-conceived height/weight covergirl ratio to qualify. Make sense? Good! Guys ("Mr. Milk Bottle") are also encouraged to participate. Remember, HIAMB is tastefully offensive, not insidious or hateful. If interested, send hardcopy submissions to: Sweetheart Search c/o Head in a Milk Bottle, P.O. Box 15125, St. Louis, MO 63110. JPGs can be e-mailed to HIAMB@garagepunk.com.

Sweetheart Search 2001

**REWARD:
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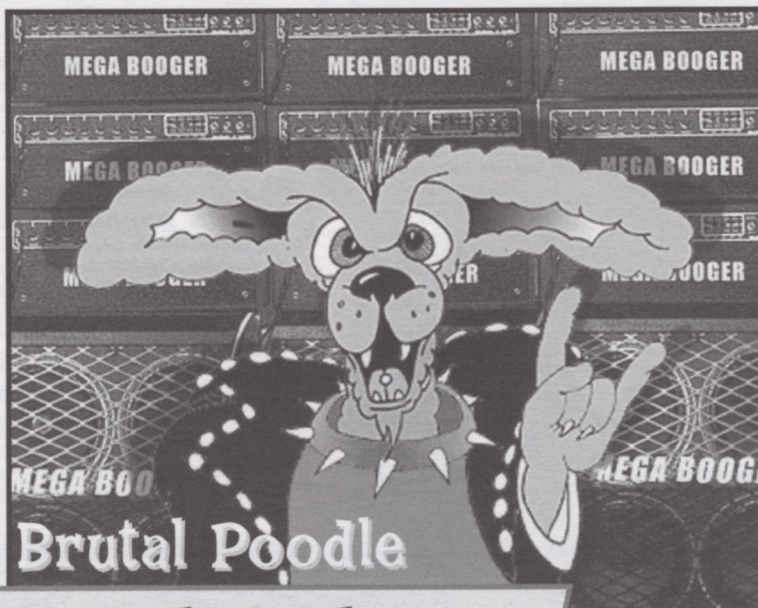
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Internet Action

Quite a few of us had been looking forward to this show for weeks, since so few garage/punk bands on the national bar circuit go out of their way to play in St. Louis. We get pretty excited when a band like the Mullens comes to town. Then we remember we live in St. Louis, where you can only hope that the under-attended show won't be a money-losing downer that will compel the band stay away for the rest of their career, telling everyone else they meet on the road to do the same. The Brand New Broken Homes executed a fine set of shambling power-pop in a manner about 20% more sloppy than usual. BNBH's sound is hard to pin down, but you can eliminate "precise" from your list of possible adjectives right off. In a good way. The abysmal sound and ear-splitting volume during their set didn't get any better through the duration of the night. I told a friend in Oregon that there's a local band here whose entire schtick is Beach Boys and Jan & Dean covers, "and they do it straight-up neo-punk style...just barre chords and shouting." He said, "How could a band possibly manage to stay interested in that long enough to actually go through with it?" Amazingly, the Valentino Strangers and their entourage have stayed interested in this stale, tired formula long enough that I've questioned whether I'm the one who's stale and tired. I've tried—repeatedly—to wrap my head around the idea that a band would spend all that money on clothing and accessories only to get onstage and play hackneyed covers of car-show oldies. But hey, it sure isn't hurting their fan base any. After the Valentino Strangers and their followers disappeared en masse, the Mullens played a solid set of swaggery punk rock'n'roll to the faithful. The band obligingly did all the rock-star moves with the full complement of Jagger dances courtesy of frontman Tim. It sure was nice of them to play as if there were 200 people in the audience, not 20. ...maija 

MULLENS

VALENTINO STRANGLERS

BRAND NEW BROKEN HOMES

@ THE HI-POINTE, ST. LOUIS

4/6/01

Here's a brief interview Jon Varnner conducted with the Mullens before the show:

A MULLEN: Hey, are you guys in one of the opening bands?

HIAMB: Yeah, the Brand New Broken Homes. You're a Mullen?

A MULLEN: Yeah, I'm Lee.

HIAMB: Jon.

LEE: You know a good place to get something to eat around here?

ANDY MALKUS: That Chinese place right there isn't bad.

HIAMB: Actually, if you go down that way, down Oakland for a bit, there's a place on the right. It's a bar called Pat's. They have really good fried chicken.

ERIC COSTELLO: And the best Guinness pour in St. Louis!

LEE: Really? OK, maybe we'll check that out. See ya later.

HIAMB: Cool.



PHOTO
GRA-
PHY
BY
JASON
RERUN

MILWAUKEE'S

BLEED

DRAIN

ST.

LOUIS!

On Saturday, May 5th we were fortunate enough to have Bleed return after just three months with another electrifying show. It was a night of "trios" at the Hi-Pointe, with Bleed kicking it off, then the self-proclaimed "porn-fueled Detroit rock" of Swampass from Charleston, Illinois followed, with local psychobilly faves The Trip Daddys finishing things off. Bleed was again in top form, mostly playing songs from their excellent full-length CD release, *Motor Psycho*, on MuSick Recordings.

The first thing you notice when you see Bleed on stage, of course, is that the drummer is standing. Now, I've tried this (not for experimental purposes but usually because we couldn't find a stool or chair) and the strain on my leg muscles from kicking the bass drum was too much. I don't know how Bart Ferrara makes it look so easy. He is all over the drum kit, pounding away, even when he is standing on the bass drum. To the left is Dave, a very solid bass player bouncing around and completing a raucous, energetic rhythm section. To the right of the stage (and many times jumping around in the middle of the

dance floor) is Bob Bleed, guitarist and lead vocalist. I just can't get enough of the tone Bob gets out of his rig. In my advanced state of intoxication (my band, The Cripplers, had been celebrating a bit of good news all day) I honestly don't remember what kind of equipment he

was using, but the mean, piercing, joyous sound that came careening out of his amp was enough to make my ears "bleed" with delight. An all-around great performance.

Swampass, complete with outrageous get-ups (fishnets, velvet jackets, and Alice Cooper-esque face paint) play blistering Detroit-style rock 'n' roll, with their guitarist/singer's look and style very reminiscent of a "Free for All"-era Ted Nugent. And of course we here in St. Louis know that The Trip Daddys never disappoint, and they sounded particularly good this night. But it makes me wonder, how was the band order decided? I don't know any of the details, and I'm sure there's a good reason why Bleed played first and The Trip Daddys last, but it seems odd to me that the Daddys (albeit a very professional, crowd-drawing band) would headline, while Bleed (who drove all the way from Wisconsin and has a full-length release on a well-respected label) should open the show. Was it that the Daddys already had Saturday night booked and Bleed was a late addition? Was it that someone decided the Daddys have a much bigger name here than Bleed and would possibly draw more people if it was "their show?" Was it all arranged around Beatle Bob's schedule? (Just kidding.) I imagine that Bleed was a late addition. [This was indeed the case. -ed.]

I guess I just feel bad for out-of-town bands who get stuck playing first and therefore lose out on a lot of the exposure they could get from playing later in the evening. At most there were maybe 20-25 people present when Bleed played and easily triple that later in the evening when our local band played. And while I'm at it, why do people go to see only the bands they're familiar with and then leave, not getting there early enough or staying late enough to see the unfamiliar, out-of-town acts? Odds are that if they're on the same bill with your favorite local band, they probably have something similar and exciting to offer.

Anyway, I am in no way singling out The Trip Daddys, nor am I a venue owner or in charge of booking out-of-town acts, but I know that bands I've played in would always gladly surrender the headline slot to an out-of-town band.

I have it on good authority that Bleed will be returning in July with *Knuckle Drag* from Madison, Wisconsin. Don't miss this one!

Tim Sullivan



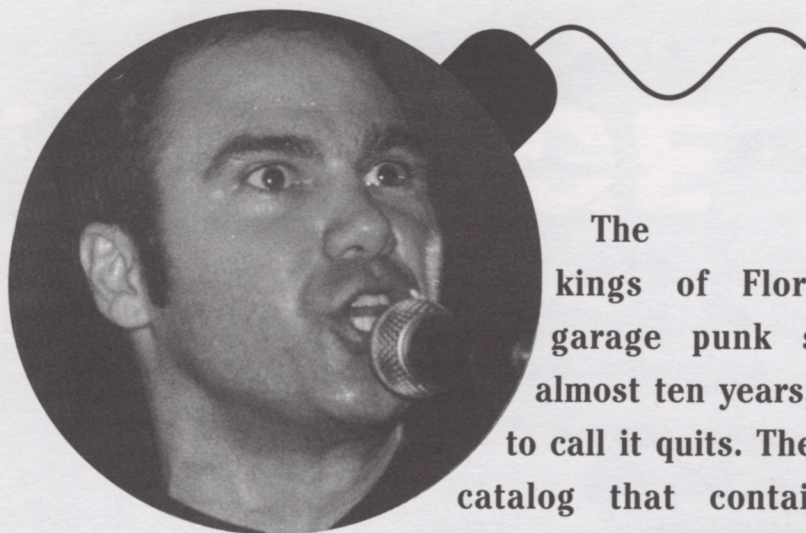


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The
kings of Florida's
garage punk scene for
almost ten years, have decided
to call it quits. They leave behind a
catalog that contains numerous 7"

singles, two full-length LPs, tracks on seven
various-artist compilations and lots of other miscellaneous crud.
The band appeared at Las Vegas Grind, Cavestomp! TrebleFest,
Fuzzfest, Sleazefest, Gutterfest, and earned a fan base that
stretches across the U.S. and around the world. They never made
it to St. Louis, but I was lucky enough to catch their incredible
live show at TrebleFest '96 in Denver and Las Vegas Grind
2000. Fred Mullins is the only member who was not
able to participate in this interview.

Interview by Kopper.

THE HATE BOMBS

Photography By Neil Motteram

HIAMB: All right, so the big question has GOT to be... **WHY?** Why break up? What could possibly be better for you guys than to continue kicking almighty ass in The Hate Bombs?

Scott Sugiuchi (bass guitar & vocals): I'm moving to Baltimore. I've been kicking around this garage rock thang for 8-plus years and I've got a lot of other things going on in my life right now—a great wife, beautiful daughter and a glamorous career in graphic design. I think at this point I'd rather be spending time with my family than working on music. I love, love, love garage rock. And I love playing with my Hate Bomb brothers, but I dig being a dad even more. It was a painful

decision but not a hard one. I still want to play and the Bombs will never really be dead. We intend to play one-off shows and festivals if we can arrange it. I can't go cold turkey, eh?

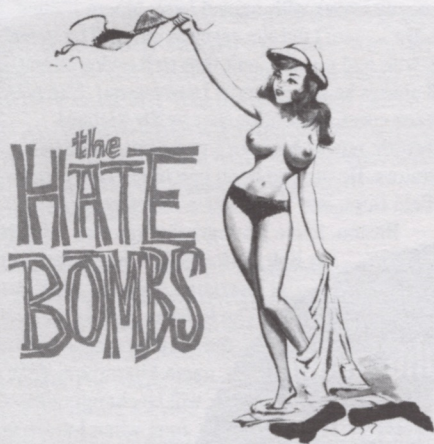
Dave Ewing (guitar, mouth harp, lead vocals): We read that article in Entertainment Weekly on "garage" being the next big thing and said, "We can't be a part of that!" Besides, now I can devote all of my time to my true passion, which is to write, direct and star in Uhma Ginnna Kikick Yrr Ayess Aver I Finniss Thiz Drnk - The Jan-Michael Vincent Story.

Ken Chiodini (drums): And with Scott moving, we don't feel we could keep the name without him. I'd like to remain optimistic in our future and say it will remain "kicking almighty ass." Keep it on the same track with a new bass player and name.

HIAMB: Let's go back to the beginning (would that be 1993?) when you guys first got together. What was it that made you want to start a band, how did you get together, where did the name come from, who were you trying to impress/emulate, and where the hell did you get those threads?

Ken: Yeah, May of 1993...

Dave: I was playing bass in The Knight Welders ('60s style band) when I wrote "Peckinpah Man" in homage to the great "Bloody Sam" and a nod to Thee Headcoats. Before we had a chance to play it, let alone record it, we broke up. To keep playing I joined a power pop/punk band, but didn't feel that song fit in too well. That's when I decided I wanted to play guitar again and do a single with other like-minded people. I always thought Ken was a great frontman and singer, so I contacted him and a few other people to do this project. This "fake" band would NOT play live and would only produce one single. We wanted to be all hype by getting all of our friends across the country to call up radio stations and record stores to request the single. When the obvious "Never heard of it" came about, our friends would reply, "You suck!" and hang up! This would go on for a couple weeks confounding the music industry, then the record would come out and all these orders would flood in to quell these rabid requests. Ken was already in a band with Scott, Mick and another guy who they were starting to stray away from, so



Ken says, "We'll just break up and reform with you." We got along so well that we stayed together and I quit the other band I was in after a year to do the Bombs full time!

Ken: We were all getting disillusioned with our other bands, or else we were on the verge of breaking up with 'em. We all liked the same music. We hung out at parties and would play Thee Headcoats and marvel at how much fractions of our remaining bands had songs that sounded very similar to them! As for the name, at a party my wife said a girl was throwing "invisible hate darts" at her from across the room. As in dirty looks. For some reason that stuck in my head, and I changed it to "hate bombs" and the guys liked it. It also landed us near or right next to all the Headcoats records in the record store bins! As for the second part of your question...

Who were we trying to impress? Anyone who would listen! Emulate? Anyone! Threads? TOP SECRET!

Scott: We started the band because we were the only four guys in Orlando who dug garage music and just happened to play the right combination of instruments. Our plan to put out one single and then break up was kind of a reaction against local labels and hapless bands trying to get signed. I think that is why we went with Hate Bombs and didn't really care about the repercussions of such a "controversial" name. It wasn't supposed to last. Our threads? Sears!

HIAMB: I've never heard the infamous Christmas Cassette issued in 1994. Besides inclusion of an instrumental track called "Greensleeves," you supposedly included a Christmas greeting that nearly broke the band up. Explain that story.

Scott: Oh, no one should hear that one! It actually didn't almost break the band up. That was a bit of hyperbole on my behalf. We did get into a really big argument over what we would be saying and started yelling at each other. That was originally caught on tape, but recorded over. Kind of like the infamous, "Trogg Tapes." I think someone in the band wanted to make it like a Beatles Christmas greeting and the rest of us thought it was kinda stupid. What we ended up with was just as stupid. Oh well!

Dave: That tape was fun, I think we ended up doing

"Go Santa Go" sung to the tune of "Go-Go Gorilla!" It sounded cool, 'cause we were pissed off just like when Ray Davies pissed off his brother to get that insane lead in "You Really Got Me!"

HIAMB: What connection (if any) does the band have with other not-so-famous garage bands from Florida, and what (if anything) have you done to pay homage to them?

Scott: No real connections. We've heard from many an almost-famous garage-rocker (guys from the Montells, We the People, Squires, etc.). The most we've done homage-wise is covering "My Brother the Man" on our "One Thing..." single. We also used to do the Montells' "You Can't Make Me" as well as We the People's "You Burn Me Up and Down." We the People were from

Orlando so we HAD to do it! Oh

yeah, my original

P-bass was once owned by a guy from Molly Hatchet, by the name of Riff West! The guy at the guitar shop where I bought it said, "Hey this one's signed by Riff West!" I gave him this blank stare then he said, "I'll take \$50 off!"

Dave: I still trade e-mail with John Doyle from the Evil.

He's a real nice guy and has a funny perspective on them being a cult band.

They're putting out a new recording entitled From a Curbstone.

Wayne (We the People)

Proctor's wife came to see us and requested we play "My Brother The Man" first so she could leave early.

HIAMB: What was the big boost that started to get your band recognition

outside of Florida? And what advice would you offer other bands looking to expand their fan base?

Dave: Ken gave up his youth to become the greatest manager I ever knew! Our greatest out-of-town

booster is definitely the "Mouth of the South," Manfred Jones from the incredible Woggles!

Ken: We started Speed-O-Meter Records to self-promote the band, too. Sent [the records] to distributors / catalogs like Get Hip, Estrus, Dionysus, etc. We got in touch with Manfred and he liked the A-side of our single and offered to trade shows and the rest is history! So my advice for bands would be to contact cool like-minded people and trade shows for equal guarantees. Out-of-state bands are the way to go!

Scott: Yeah, we put out our own single on Speed-O-Meter, then sent it to every cool label and band we could think of. We got the best reaction from Manfred, which led to us getting a gig in Athens with the Woggles at Beefstock, and after that, "fame and fortune." I think the idea of sending records to similar bands worked well for us. Definitely a better way to get out-of-town gigs—especially in a niche genre like garage. Oh yeah, and getting our second single ("She's the Girl") in the Estrus catalog. As for bands trying to expand their fan base... schmooze, make contacts, find similar bands to hook up with, be consistent with your mailings, don't

suck, be cool to everybody, don't take no for an answer, don't get screwed over. Was that Maximum Rock'n'Roll-sounding or what?

HIAMB: Your first CD was released on the now-defunct 360 Twist! Records label out of Denver. Was that a big shock to you guys when they went belly-up following TrebleFest '98? And what do you think caused it?

Ken: Mike Gilligan was a fan first and a businessman second. I have NEVER dealt with a more fair person in my life! He always paid us and was always kind. We miss havin' him on our side.

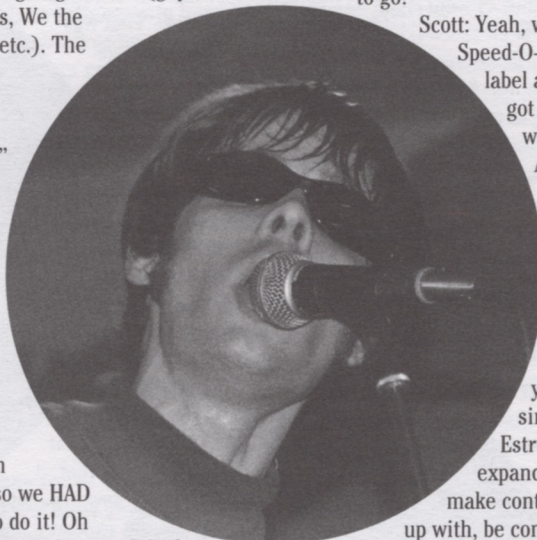
CHEERS MIKE! Long live 360 Twist!

Scott: Was it a shock? Yes and no. I had a feeling it couldn't last forever. 360's big mistake was that their head honcho, Mike, is too nice to be a businessman. You have to be kind of hard-assed and as far as I know, everybody had nothing but good things to say about him. He was waaaay into the bands and did so many great things for us and the other bands on the label that were probably too generous. It's a shame you can't be nice and make it work, too.

HIAMB: Is that CD [Here Comes Treble] totally out of print now and unavailable, and do you think it will ever be reissued on another label?

Scott: No, I would hope it would be buried forever. Like some great lost nugget. Of course if someone were to pay us to release it again...heh, heh, heh....

Dave: I have personally destroyed the last available copy and I shall destroy any subsequent release with the same conviction!



We read that article in Entertainment Weekly on "garage" being the next big thing and said, "We can't be a part of that!"

HIAMB: There were obviously some problems with that release. The track order on the tray card was out of whack, the production was really thin, etc. Were you guys all that happy with it after it was released?

Scott: I was happy to see it out. If only because we finally had an album out! But truthfully, it's painful to listen to some of the tracks. The song order isn't out of whack—what happened is that the CD-mastering folks didn't realize that two songs ("Haymaker" and, um, the other one...) went right into each other. They should have been coded separately but it didn't get caught (despite our NOTES!). The vinyl is right on, though. As for the album as a whole, I wish we could've taken off about three songs. We tried to cram too many last-minute filler tracks on, and it kind of diminished the overall quality as far as I'm concerned.

HIAMB: You guys got to play back-up to the legendary Jeff Connolly (Lyres frontman) a few times, including FuzzFest in Atlanta in September of 1998. How did that come about and how was that experience for the band?

Scott: The Subsonics were actually asked to back him for a radio (WRAS) benefit in Atlanta. They didn't want to do it, so they got in touch with us and the rest is history. Playing with Jeff was amazing. He was rough during practice and he has a pretty wild personality. I always dug the Lyres, but since so many songs were covers I never considered him a "musical genius" or anything. It wasn't until practicing with him and seeing how he arranges the music and can pick out the most minute (but significant) details in a song did I realize what an ear the guy has! He's definitely fine-tuned. Funny Jeff Things: when we'd be hanging out with him at clubs people coming up and going "Oh man, Jeff, you're like, a god!"—it was a great contrast knowing the real Jeff. And his tantrums about getting ripped off—classic! Also, him freaking out local convenience store clerks so they'd give him free stuff!

Dave: Wow, yeah... one of my biggest heroes. It's true what the other guys say about Jeff being pretty genius. His attention to detail and his little twist on things that only after many listens you pick up on is what separates his originals AND covers from everyone else's. Backing him up really taught us that. The first time rehearsing with him in the Subsonics' basement after driving eight hours to Atlanta was pretty intimidating, but after our first show in Alabama, it felt really natural. The second set of shows, including FuzzFest a year later, was really amazing!

Ken: Jeff is one of the reasons I do what I do. He makes me a better player and he's smart and a really funny guy. He treated us really good.

HIAMB: The Hunt You Down CD is one of my all-time favorite records. Give us an idea of how you first attracted the interest of Lee Joseph of Dionysus Records to release it. How was your relationship with Dionysus on this project, did it sell well for them, and did the release garner much positive reaction from the media?

Ken: My wife lived in California for six months and

made fast friends with all the bands that I'd worshiped for years (The Bomboras, Russell Quan, Deke Dickerson, Invisible Men, etc. etc.). She knew Ralph Carrerra (of the Tigermask and promoter extraordinaire) through his booking of these bands. We (Bombs) caught wind of the Dionysus Demolition Derby and sicced my wife and all her marketing skills on the unsuspecting Ralph! He broke down cryin' and let us have an opening slot on Sunday night! Well, shortly after the set, Lee Joseph (Dionysus's head honcho) said, "That was incredible," and those two drink tickets each turned into 20! I heard he even got on Ralph's case for not putting us on later!

Scott: Yeah, no one had seen us before and we put on one of our best shows ever. No holds barred! Lee came up right afterward and

said, "We gotta do a record!" We

said, "Oh yeah." That

was that. It

gave us a lot of exposure and it was

cool to be on an esteemed

label. Lee has some

awesome distribution,

too. We used to

travel around

and check out

record stores

just to see if it

was there and

most of the time it was!

We got lots of great press from it, too.

Dave: I'm gonna stray from the question a little bit to comment on the making of that record. We really lucked out in hooking up with Bill Mason of Hitmakers Studios in Tampa. We played him our favorite records and said, "We want these drums, this guitar and that bass," and he automatically knew how and where to get that sound! He had great gear, Vox and Fender amps, great mikes, good room sound, relaxing atmosphere, patience, humor and a sincere love for the music!

Ken: As for sales, well, according to our independent audit, it sold approximately 1.5 million units. According to Dionysus it sold about 1,200.

HIAMB: What's the story with Backbone Design? They did some great Art Chantry-styled work for you guys on the "Ghoul Girl" 7" and the Hunt You Down LP. Explain how that came about.

Scott: Well, Backbone Design was my old design company. I do most of the artwork for the Bombs except for a couple of comps which I had no control over. I'm a huge fan of Chantry's. He helped me get my stuff in a great book called Next: the New Generation of Graphic Designers, which includes a foreword by Chantry and a bunch of Hate Bombs posters and sleeves. As for the artists involved with the Hunt You Down album—it was a labor of love. I pooled together my favorite folks to help out with

art—a guy I work with named Larry Moore ("Elmo" or "L-Mo"... see?) did the cover painting. The model is my wife and no, she isn't that well-endowed but she'll always be my covergirl [aawwwww]. The type and back cover illustration was by Sir Richard Wentworth, one of America's great unrecognized illustrators. He used to be in one of my fave bands, The Bald Guys, and now owns a record store in

Boston. Some photography was also supplied by Bob Deck of Micromag fame [out of Lawrence, Kansas]. He's in The Hefners, too. I still design under the company name Vibranium. That will be changing in June when I move to Baltimore. Keep an eye out for future work. Plug, plug...

HIAMB: Did you ever write more songs and make any plans to record a third LP, and if so, do you think it's a smart move to call it quits now?

Scott: Yeah, we have about ten new ones. We want to do another album.

Who knows? We still might. We have this great idea for a concept album and ...

Ken: We have a lot of new songs and covers. We wanted to record but then got the news about Scott, ya know? But we do have our final tour and local shows on video!

HIAMB: With your connection with such notable folks in television (Derek Barnes of Fox's Freakylinks) and film (Mike Monello of Haxan Films/Blair Witch Project), why haven't the Bombs become the Next Big Thing?

Ken: The Haxan film crew thought it would be cool to do a "breaking of the band" dealy. So we might see a LIVE thingy on film yet, ya know? And yes, we did a kids' show called the Mystery Files of Shelby Woo and we have an unreleased song on the Freakylinks web site. So there!

Scott: I used to be in a band with the Blair Witch



Project producer, Gregg Hale. He occasionally jumps on drums with us for "Go-Go Gorilla" when either party is drunk enough. We try and try to become the Next Big Thing but ultimately the kids don't dig us! Something about our hairlines, I guess.

HIAMB: Seriously, has the band ever attracted any major label (or even major indie label) attention?

Scott: We got some attention during the whole Matchbox 20 feeding frenzy. We got calls from Capricorn, Elektra and someone else that I can't remember now. Most of the time they were looking for another Matchbox clone. I keep trying to convince people we are a Boy Band...

Dave: I think a guy from Polygram was supposed to see us in Atlanta but was caught in some rest-stop men's-room sting operation.

Ken: I've been asked to get hair implants and extensions (my skulllet just won't do) and then they'd consider us. But I said "no way!" But seriously...Yes I got a call from Elektra asking for material.

HIAMB: Looking back, what were the absolute highest (happiness) and lowest (tragedy/sorrow) points for the band?

Scott: High points: I met my wife via the band.

She was in the Supervixens and we met at Trash Bash in Athens, Georgia. And my life has been better ever since. Other great times: Getting signed to Dionysus, the first Sleazefest we played, Mick selling his Hate Bomb shirt to a drunk for \$60, when we found Freddy [Mullins], the littlest Hate Bomb. Lowest: take your pick: the many, many times our camper, the "Bomb Shelter," broke down; having to kick Mick out of the band; playing in Baltimore for \$11.00!

Dave: Let's see...highest: Freddy joined, any great gig, hearing the completed Hunt You Down for the first time. Lowest: Not appearing as the house band on Jenny Jones.

Ken: Good: Meeting all the cool people (especially hangin' w/Thee Headcoats) and Kopper. Bad: The breakup.

HIAMB: I noticed on your web site that you're trying to sell the van, "The Bomb Shelter." Are you also unloading the rest of your gear?

Ken: Scott got a big tax break by donating the camper. And HELL NO WE AIN'T SELLIN' OUR GEAR YA PUTZ!

Dave: I have two very unsanitary harmonicas if you're interested.

Scott: Ha! Yeah, we couldn't even sell our camper! We had to give it away to a private school for a "tax-deductible donation." It sucks! And who would

want our gear, anyhow?!

HIAMB: Finally, what does the future hold in store for the band, or at least each of you individually? Other musical projects? New bands? Loneliness & sorrow? Self-pity? Suicide?

Dave: The Own Ups!

Ken: All of the above. Minus the suicide.

Scott: We'll probably get together once in a while for "reunions" until it becomes lame. Maybe another album or comp of our out-of-print singles. I don't plan on being in any bands anytime soon. Maybe never. The Hate Bombs were definitely the highlight of my musical career. It would be hard to replicate the experience. And never the friendships. Other projects? Hmmm... Maybe a 'zine. Aw, who wants to do that?! Self-pity? Only when convenient! Suicide? Not a big Alan Vega fan, so...

HIAMB: OK, well that's it! Thanks, guys!

Scott: You're welcome. Hey, know anybody who wants some Hate Bomb merch? Cheap?

For more info on the band, or to get Hate Bombs merch (cheap!), hop on the internet and point your browser to <http://www.host-ess.com/hatebombs/>



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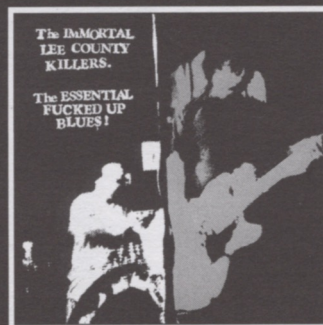
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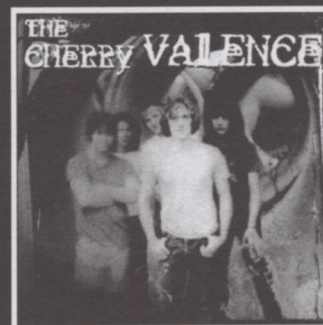
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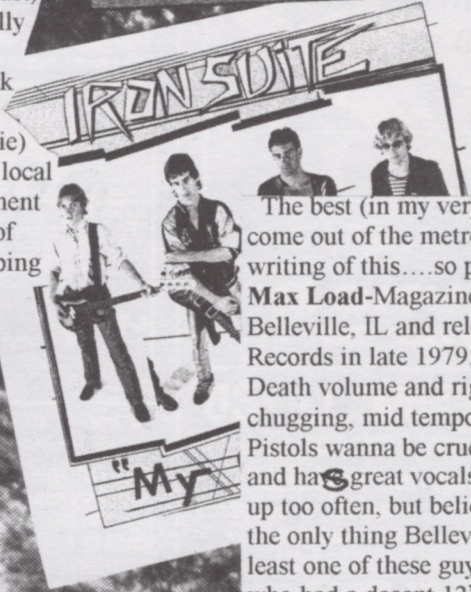
by JASON RERUN

Well here I am. 26 years old and trying to write some piece of drivel that nobody gives a shit about. (Myself included) Sure, I've taken stabs at writing something, for somebody somewhere. Nothin' of any substance though... A few record reviews, a couple pathetic interviews and acted as sole slob tryin' to fill a few photocopied, cut & paste punk 'zine pages to be left on the floor of some VFW hall or tossed out the window on the way home from a show. But, hey I figured if some other St. Louis hacks could crank out a few paragraphs on shit that makes 'em twirl, why can't I? What you are about to read is the first installment of a (hopefully) continuing column on older punk, proto punk, power pop, etc. (One of my sole interests on this miserable planet). This "back from the grave" issue of Head in a Milk Bottle, will be me trying to figure out where I want to go with this.

OK, now humor me for be overly predictable with this first one, but I figured hey, it's a St. Louis 'zine, and I've never really seen anything written about bands from the STL metro area from the supposed "new wave" boom of the late 70's. Well, truth be told, there really wasn't much. (Let me interrupt for a moment here. I'm going off knowledge of records I know to exist and the few hazy memories of local casualties of that era. When asking around, nobody seems to remember more than a few names of bands they "might have seen", let alone specific shows, band members, occurrences or certain years for that matter) A handful of bands and only a few of those making it to vinyl make the St. Louis entry in punk history as forgettable as a trailer park in Wyoming. (well, just about) Speaking in terms of the true '77 punk "sound", St. Louis had none. (that made it to vinyl at least) The first "punk" vinyl from these parts wasn't even really punk. ...

The Screaming Mee-Mees came out with a four track 7" ep that sounded exactly like it was. A couple weirdo record fiends (can easily recognize a fellow record junkie) holed up in their mom's basement. There were no other local punk bands to mimic, so you get the pure form of basement punk. It's obvious they formed their warped definition of "punk rock" the way many others did at that time. Copping riffs from favorite records and probably via magazine

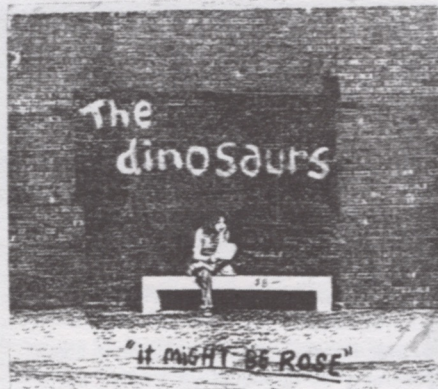
reports by Creem and other 70's rock rags. (Although I guess, I'll contradict myself here and say that I don't think the Mee-Mees were even really trying to be "punk") Released on their own label in a tiny pressing. Who knows where they sold 'em in these parts during those times. (hopefully to some unsuspecting arena rock fan) The record sounds like they set a mic on mom's Maytag and hit record. "Hot Sody" (the obvious choice for the hit parade out of the songs offered here) shuffles along at a painfully erratic pace. (I have to admit, being from "up nort" (northern Wisconsin) to not have realized that "sody" = "soda" the first couple times I spun the record. Didn't know what the fuck they were singin' 'bout in Missouri, and hoped I would never live there to know. Ha! S'pecially since Wisconsinites pronounce soda - pop!) Anyway, not really "punk", but a record that should have invoked at least a few pimple pushed teenage bands. The Screaming Mee-Mees continued on (although their 2nd single didn't see the light of day until the 90's on Bag of Hammers Records) with their brand of basement noise. In fact, they're still active in one form or another to this day. Lots of projects with other lo-fi basement heroes. "Hot Sody" has been on a volume of Killed By Death, bringing punk collector nerd attention to this band and area.



The best (in my very biased, snobby opinion) single to come out of the metro area (including all time up to the writing of this....so prove me wrong or shut up!) was the Max Load-Magazine Sex b/w X Rod 7". Hailing from Belleville, IL and released on their own (I assume) 198X Records in late 1979. "X Rod" appeared on a Killed By Death volume and rightfully so! Both tracks are great chugging, mid tempo punk. Each side strays from generic Pistols wanna be crud, or 1-2-3-4 generica for that matter, and has great vocals. Unfortunately, this single doesn't turn up too often, but believe me, it's worth the search! Probably the only thing Belleville could ever be proud of! I know at least one of these guys turned up in 3-D Monster later on; who had a decent 12" ep and single.

The Dinosaurs. Hmmm... I found a sleeveless copy of this shortly after moving here. I read the label and saw "1979 St. Louis, MO" Hmmm... I took a chance for \$3 natch, and wasn't expecting what I heard. Figuring it would be another single to file into the black hole of "looks cool but t'ain't" category. The A side "It Might Be Rose" is a





plodding 70's rocker, but the flip is where it's at. "Rock & Roll Moron" sounds like some undiscovered '74/'75 proto punker. (course it's from 1979, which several years after the proto punk title can be applied) Not even really that punk, but fuck, how can you ignore the sheer genius line "Don't close the door on this rock and roll moron!" Wonder how long it took to rhyme "moron"?!! The recording has a nice muddy, but warm basementey recording quality." Rock & Roll Moron" kinda sounds like the grade D equivalent of "Ain't it Fun" (Rocket From the Tombs) or some such "hit" (btw that's no major slam at all) I can picture the dino lads playing twenty minute versions of it at St. Louis parties. (Probably at a Head East roadies house no less!) I heard the singer got shot by his wife/girlfriend(?) at a party! On purpose! Maybe she just couldn't take anything more and ended his life knowing he didn't have another "Rock & Roll Moron" in him.

TEST PATTERNS

OK, let's see...OK the **Test Patterns** compilation LP. This baby was unleashed in 1981 by local legend John the Mailman. (of Jet Lag 'zine fame) Cool to see a comp from (obviously) the high point of St. Louis good bandom. (Nice use of the English language, eh?) Anyhoo, it breaks down like this: Seven bands doing two songs each. Ya get: 14% punky shit, 7% power pop, 14% holy shit I can't quite categorize them but they are fuckin' great tracks, 7% limp ska, 29% cheese pop-rock disguised as new wavey stuff, and 29% utter shit. Two really great punky tracks by **The Zanti Misfits**. (Go say hi to Mark the bass player, occasional doorman at the Way Out Club and current bass guy for the Highway Matrons) Two amazing quirky, punky, wavey songs by **The Oozkicks**. (My personal fave of the comp) One power pop rocker, "Kick Around", by white shirt skinny black tie guys **The Strikers**. (Their other track here falls flat into the cheese rock vein) and a bunch of other

ALL HANDS DOING
text corrections
by JASON
RERUN!

THE FELONS · THE MOPEDS · THE STRIKERS · SW
· THE OOKICKS · TRAINED ANIMAL · THE ZANTI

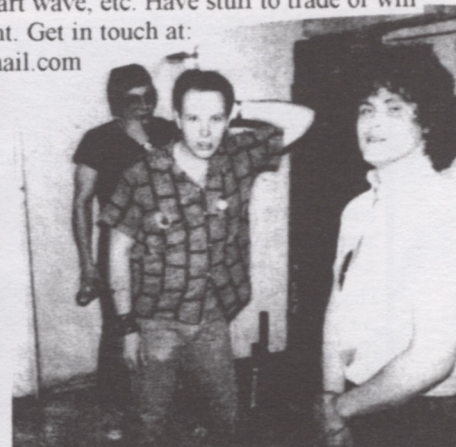
slightly so-so to utter throw away shit by **Swift Kick**, (A future White Pride member plays cheese wave in...) **Trained Animal**, **The Felons** and (the two total shit tracks by...) **The Mopeds**. (The insert paste up for The Mopeds brags of them being named one of the worst bands in St. Louis by the Post Dispatch readers' poll. 'tis very true indeed!)

OK, the "notorious" (in their own minds) **White Pride**. Pretty sick when one of the most well known St. Louis punk bands was a (supposed joke) white power band! If you thumb through issues of Maximum Rock N Roll from '83/'84, you'll find tons of letters and rants bashing these

morons. They caused quite a stir in MRR (geez, that's a really hard thing to do...) Anyway, I don't know if it was a total joke. (I've heard numerous stories/rumors suggesting quite the opposite about certain members) They recorded a (twelve song I think) demo in 1983 and pressed a 7" ep in 1989 with five of those tracks. The music's ok at best slow to mid tempo punkcore. To go along with the lame-o lyrics, the EP has lame-o packaging! A white vinyl disc (titles and claiming it was just a joke on the labels) and a single insert with no information besides a reproduction of an ugly flyer for a show. (not sure if it ever happened) For some reason this fetches \$30-\$50 when it turns up. Save your bucks, it's not worth it.

In the semi-honorable mention department, you have **Iron Suite** who had one single I know of from 1982 on (obviously their own) Suite Records. The A side "My Only Girl" is a decent power pop number that (like so many of that time period) falls on it's face to an extent due to lukewarm vocals and arena rock guitar solos. The B side is pretty much a total throw away. Pick it up if you're a masochistic completist (like my stupid self) of the St. Louis region. I've come across a few other singles that again have that cool pic sleeve but turn out to be some shit bar band posing as indie rockers. And there are a few things I know of, but haven't really heard at this point... **Brown & Langrehr** had a 7" from 1979 and an LP from around the same time. I've had the chance to hear a glimpse of each and wasn't too impressed. From the brief listen, I remember kinda prog-punk, arty stuff. I definitely need to hear more to give a final judgment though. **The Strikers** (who, if you were actually ready and soaking this in, had one good track on Test Patterns) had a four song 7" ep on Simpley Records from around 1981. Don't own it, or know anybody who does, so I can't tell you much about it. There was also a single by **Philosophic Collage** from Missouri, but not even sure if it was St. Louis or not. (Help me please!!!!) On the Killed By Death email list, there was mention of a flexi disc (a great punk format in my opinion!) by a band called (Shit! Can't locate it right now....) Apparently there isn't even a contact address listed, but just a phone number with a (314) area code. The post described it as kinda arty, "new wavey" with keyboards, I'd kill to hear it.

That's pretty much everything I know about St. Louis vinyl output from the early years (really stretching that til '83 too!) Clue me in on stuff I missed! Now onto my personal wants and plugging.... I need a sleeve for the Max Load single, so if anybody has one to spare contact me! Also, I'll buy any unwanted singles, LPs, 'zines, buttons, or whatever of 70's thru early 80's punk, power pop, proto punk, new wave, art wave, etc. Have stuff to trade or will gladly buy outright. Get in touch at: jasonrerun@hotmail.com



ZANTI MISFITS



Interview by Kopper.

Photography by
Pam Rodgers

(except statue pic)

Don't buy cheap Optimus tape recorders from Radio Shack. The first time I performed this interview at Tim Caveman's bachelor pad in Shrewsbury, I was stupid enough to use an old tape with music on it that I hadn't erased off. Then later, after I got home and began to transcribe what I'd recorded, I realized I'd fucked up, because all I got was undistinguishable, muddled voices over even more muddled music. The damned recorder obviously had a faulty erase head. So, a week later and with a brand new TDK D-90 cassette tape in hand, I once again descended upon Captain Caveman's Lair and, armed with a cold 12-pack of PBR and a new list of questions, proceeded to try it all again. Tomorrow's Caveman happens to be one of the most exciting new bands in the St. Louis underground rock 'n' roll music scene, and stand poised to take on the world with their primitive yet futuristic sounds. Here's how the Caveman of Tomorrow sees itself, circa 2001:

HIAMB: First off, state your names and your role in the band.

Caveman 1: Tim Cavemann [sic], six- and twelve-string guitar.

Caveman 2: Hank Caveman, drummer

Caveman 3: Ray Tomorrow. I play the role of the singer and tambourine player.

Caveman 4: Mike DeLeon, guitar.

Caveman 5: Steve! Fender four-string electric bass guitar and backing vocals.

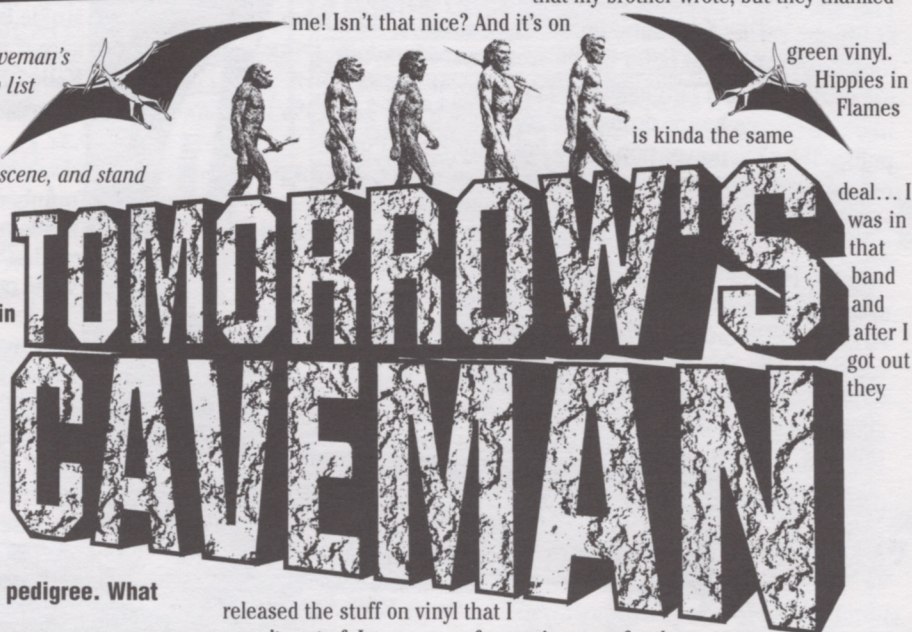
HIAMB: Let's take a quick look at your rock'n'roll pedigree. What other bands have you guys played with?

Hank: Ray and I used to be in a band called Stoned Walls, and we played around quite a bit in St. Louis and Columbia. We played at Cicero's basement bar a lot and also once opened for Foghat... and of course The Neanderthals. The Neanderthals made it all the way out to California, Phoenix, Texas... we had a tape that we sent out, too, but we never actually cut any vinyl or CDs or anything.

HIAMB: When was that?

Hank: That was from '93 through '96, and we were based in Columbia, Missouri, and it's also important that we mention that was also with Tim Hopmeier, bass player for The Crippleers. And then I went on to play in The Geargrinders, and Ray started playing with The Scoundrels and he also played in The Crippleers at the same time...

GETTING UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL WITH



released the stuff on vinyl that I wasn't part of. I was more of a session man for them, too; just a rhythm guitar kinda guy. And The Geargrinders, and also the Saw Is Family.

HIAMB: When did you first get the idea to form Tomorrow's Caveman?

Tim: Within 20 minutes of The Geargrinders breaking up!

Ray: They still wanted the fame and fortune.

Hank: That Geargrinders 7" was getting world-wide acclaim, and I was like, I'm not gonna stop reaping these great benefits...

Tim: Not to mention the Landlocked & Loaded release.

Hank: Yeah! That's right... We had three songs on that. That's as many as the 7" had.

HIAMB: How easy was it for you in choosing the band name, and what others did you almost use?

Hank: The Baby Shakers, uh...

Tim: Butterfly Vomit [laughs].

Hank: Butterfly Vomit was actually decided at one time!!

Tim: Yeah, we had actually agreed that that was the name. After much debate...

Steve: I agreed reluctantly to go along with it. I didn't like it. And I was pretty depressed after that...

Ray: The Baby Shakers was much better.

Tim: We also liked Virgin Manchild, but I don't know if we were seriously considering using it...

Mike: The Flickering Shapes.

Hank: The Flickering Shapes! That's right! Ha-ha!! We had a lot of cool ones... Oh, and The Licorice Whips!

Tim: Yeah, The Licorice Whips, Butterscotch Implosion, and The Magnetic Tapioca Catastrophe...

Steve: Yeah, it was endless combinations of crap like that. How many days did we debate?

Hank: Weeks, probably.

Steve: We had rounds and rounds of votes and ballots...

Hank: And a lot of that was done before Ray was even in the band.

Tim: We got to the point where we weren't gonna let the new singer interfere with the naming of the band.

Steve: Yeah, we weren't gonna let him fuck it all up!! [laughs]

Hank: I think we decided on Tomorrow's Caveman because I liked Caveman Cocktail. I liked it because, of course, "cocktail" implies three things: "Cock" from a man, "tail" from a woman, and then "cocktail," which is an alcoholic drink, so it was a nice combination of like sex and drinking.

Steve: [to Hank] Yeah, we get it...

Tim: He was the only one that liked that name, for the record...

HIAMB: For the uninitiated, how would you describe your sound?

Ray: I'd say there's an element of '60s psychedelic, with a raw punk edge...

Hank: Definitely with a hard garage rock edge to it, and very rockin', with a good solid beat.

Tim: There's some lounge influence in a couple songs and as well as some Krautrock like Amon Düül, and Hawkwind, definitely.

HIAMB: Do you guys see yourselves as a '60s purist band or do you like to experiment a bit and twist things up?

Tim: Definitely experiment. We don't wanna be a cookie-cutter retro band. I

think in the '60s there was the biggest variety of approaches to music. They were all still fresh and new, and people were not stuck in one category or the other, ya know, like the heavy metal thing, or the punk thing, or

HIAMB: Tell me about the songwriting process, then, normally... How do you guys go about pulling the songs together?

Steve: There isn't much of a normal way about it. What happens most of

like to date?' Anal!"

Ray: We never got any negative reaction from the press or our fans or anything...

Tim: Just from my brother and...

Hank: I think Tim got more hell for it than anybody!

Tim: But see, to give you some benefit of the doubt, it isn't some purely sexual response, cuz he's kind of an anal kind of guy, he's gotta be organized and everything, and that's the kinda girl he likes...

Hank: My wife is very thorough when she cleans the house [laughs]!

Steve: My most embarrassing moment was probably at the Rooster Lollipop Pajama Party when Ray took his pants off and had these tighty-purples on. I couldn't NOT look at his tighty-purples. They were in my field of vision,

and I was embarrassed.

Hank: I almost dropped my drumsticks just in pure laughter. Like, Steve and Mike both turned looked over at me and I almost dropped my sticks.

Tim: He had a bathrobe on during the first song, and I thought he had jeans or shorts on underneath it, and he took the robe off and, ya know, he was just standing up there doin' his thing. The chicks were diggin' it.

Ray: I mainly did it for the girls.

Steve: I was traumatized.

HIAMB: What do you think is the biggest thing the St. Louis "underground rock'n'roll scene" is missing that would help bands like yours get exposure, not only locally but elsewhere?

Hank: Fans, I would definitely say. Because, like what happened with the Side Door, and that fuckin' disco cover band, Dr. Zhivegas that bought the club. People were complaining that that really sucks that we lost that great venue, yadda yadda yadda, and it's like, wait a minute... That happened because that's what St. Louis wants, obviously. People didn't come out enough to shows there and now it's gone. But I do love St. Louis and I think we do have somewhat a good underground fan base, but it could be improved. Certainly one thing—I'll say it right now, and not being diplomatic—I love the Way Out Club but they refuse to advertise!! I really don't understand that at all...How can you own a business in this day and age and not advertise? Also, a lot of bands could advertise their shows more by putting up flyers. We're guilty of that ourselves. And I think the TIRC list is a great thing for getting the word out. Even though it's not a discussion



psychedelic or whatever...Bands like Amon Düül and the stuff the Germans were doing in the late '60s took rock 'n' roll music and psychedelia into a whole new direction, on through the mid-'70s. Until

the time is we'll just jam, and then we'll say like, "Oh, well let's do this, and this, and then this." Part of what we did at first was I just took a tape recorder and put as many different riff ideas onto a tape with like drum machine and bass and gave these

**"WHAT
KIND OF GIRL I
LIKE TO DATE?
ANAL!"**

recently this whole sound was virtually unexplored and unappreciated, like Faust...

Hank: That and taking old rock'n'roll, Kinks-style, rhythm & blues beats, that kinda thing...

Tim: And I think as we progress we're gonna add more variety of sounds and influences that you can actually hear in the music.

HIAMB: Who does most of the songwriting in the band?

Hank: Tim has written about half the songs, but Ray wrote some of the lyrics for 'em.

Tim: Well, I only wrote half the songs because when we started we needed the material! I think the new stuff that everyone's helping to write is much better, and reflects the style of the band more accurately than the older stuff.

Hank: I'm the only one in the band who hasn't written a song! These other guys have written all the star-studded hits.

guys the tape, and

Ray kinda put

one thing together and Tim's working on something else from that...

Ray: Yeah, I listened to Steve's tape and took a couple different parts of songs that he had written, and arranged them together, and then came up with some lyrics for 'em. But then that's not the only way that we do it. Tim came up with the music for this one song and then I got together with him and worked on the lyrics. So there's no one way that we do it. **HIAMB: What's been the most embarrassing moment for the band, either at practice or in front of an audience?**

Tim: I'd have to say the most embarrassing moment for me was the interview you did on The Wayback Machine [KDHX-FM 88.1] with these guys after we played live on the air, especially at the end of it and Hank's response.

Hank: Oh, yeah, "What kind of girl I

group anymore, I know it still exists as an announcement list for advertising shows and stuff, which is really what I used it for, anyway.

Ray: I don't believe it's the fans' obligation to come see the bands; I think it's the bands who need to make their product—the music—and then they need to go out and promote that product. They need to go out to bars and meet people and spread the word.

HIAMB: OK, but what could help the bands promote themselves?

Tim: A good 'zine! Like this one!!

Hank: Yeah! The one that we're gonna be on the cover of the first issue of—that one!

Steve: Here's what I think: Everything in my opinion has been going downhill since the old Cicero's moved and closed the basement bar. Even if there wasn't something going on at that particular time, there'd be something exciting goin' on within a week or so. Ya know, you could just stumble across a show and find something really cool. If that was happening, then we could be meeting these guys in other bands that are coming through and making connections there, and then later we could go play in their towns, they could come back here, and so on. There needs to be more regional and national stuff getting booked here like it was back then. But the problem is that doesn't make money. The old Cicero's never made money on those shows—it was just allowed to go on because, well, the old man didn't know what was goin' on down there.

Hank: I'd have to say that the Hi-Pointe has picked up some of the slack in that regard, and we've been able to make some connections there, but we need to do a better job with our promotion of those shows. I am happy that the Way Out Club has started to book out-of-town bands.

Steve: That's very exciting.

Ray: Yeah, but, you see, with all those bands you're always getting the same group of people that likes the same music, and the fan base is never gonna grow. You've got to somehow get to the people who don't know about this music because it's underground, and if you teach them about it and introduce them to cool bands of the past and new bands, then you don't just have the same fan base coming to every show. And you can begin to get young people into underground music, which is what it's all about.

HIAMB: Have you guys ever played any parties or street festivals or anything other than the usual nightclub appearances?

Hank: We're going to next Sunday [Slammies outdoor festival in the Loop]! That'll be our first. I don't really like playing outside because I can't hear very well.

Tim: Well every band that plays outside sounds like the Grateful Dead, anyway [laughs]! We'd play at a house party if there was going to be a good number of people there, or definitely if they paid us.

Steve:

Where I'm from, in Carbondale [Illinois], the house parties were as good as or better than the clubs.

Hank: Oh, definitely.

Ray and I played in our old band at the Lost Cross in Carbondale and we definitely made as much money that night as we did at any bar...

Ray: Weddings and bar mitzvahs are fine, too, if the price is right...

Tim: Supermarket openings, MetroLink expansions, rocket launchings, Space shuttle launchings...

HIAMB: Hank, you spent three weeks in Thailand and Laos recently. Tell us about the trip. Did you learn anything?

Tim: He talked about some kind of alcoholic beverage they served in antifreeze containers

Hank: Yeah! And it made me piss out my ass [laughs]! In Laos, we drank this drink called lao lao, which is a lot like vodka or gin [actually it's rice whisky], but they serve it out of old antifreeze containers. And I did meet some people in Thailand, and when I told them I played in a rock 'n' roll band they were very interested.

Unfortunately I didn't learn any new techniques or anything from their native folk-type music, which was pretty interesting. I unfortunately heard, of course—just like when I was in Europe—a lot of disco. That's pretty much, like here, too. The rave/disco/techno thing... Unfortunately that's like the most popular thing in the world! But it was a good time. Good trip.

Steve: Tell 'em about the Bangkok tailor...

Hank: Yes! Tailor-made suits in Bangkok. Anybody can go there and get great '60s mod-style suits for like a hundred dollars. Or you can take your measurements, send 'em over there and they'll make the suits and send them back to you if you'd like.

Tim: We should get some suits made!

HIAMB: So what's up with the

much-heralded and -anticipated Tomorrow's Caveman CD?

Steve: It'll be ready in time for Christmas 2002. Possibly before...

Tim: We're

are really good. And he'll probably take the trailer and make into a video for the band, too.

Steve: We're trying to get a hold of Robbie Rist to play me...

Hank: Yeah, and we've talked to some of the old Monkees guys, too, and they seem pretty interested. I'd ask Keith Moon to play me but he's been dead for a few years...

Ray: I wanna get Ricky Schroeder to play me.

And that was that! For more information on Tomorrow's Caveman, be sure to visit their new web site at <http://www.lohmannndesign.com/caveman.html> Tim promises that it'll be up by the time this issue is printed!

"I LOVE THE WAY OUT CLUB BUT THEY REFUSE TO ADVERTISE!! I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT AT ALL!"

guaranteeing it'll be ready by Christmas 2002.

Hank: But we're gonna shoot for maybe this summer.

Tim: It'd been ready by now if we could've just bypassed the studio.

HIAMB: What's the holdup with the studio?

Tim: Oh, it's just studios in general. Just trying to deal with them and make sure they get the sound right... it's taking forever. It's all digital and I'd much rather do it analog, and we will for the next CD, but for now we just have to wait until we can get the sound right.

HIAMB: Finally, besides the CD, what else does Tomorrow's Caveman have up its sleeve? Any other projects in the works?

Ray: Yes, our movie!

Hank: There literally is a movie in the works. A good buddy of ours goes to film school in Chicago and he has written a full script for a Tomorrow's Caveman movie.

HIAMB: Starring Raquel Welch and John Richardson!

Hank: We'll all be starring in it. What he'll probably do first is a trailer. His movies are pretty good but his trailers



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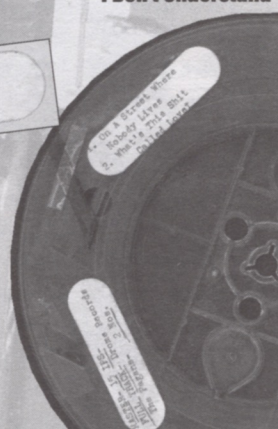
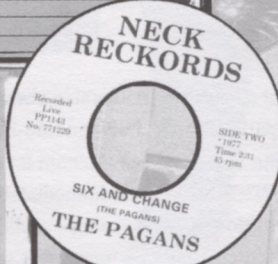
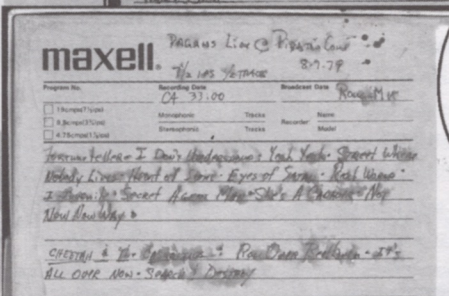
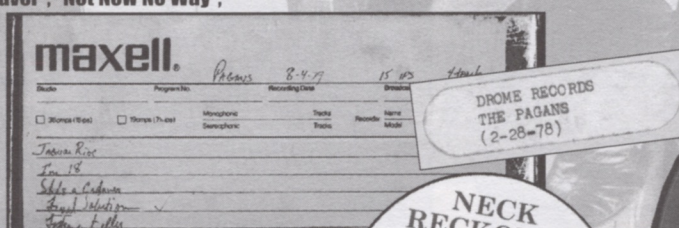
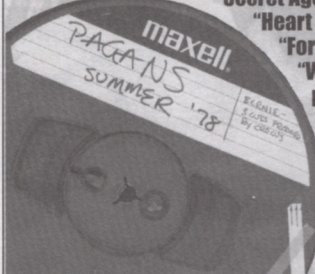
• UNISSUED 1978-79 STUDIO RECORDINGS: covers of ALICE COOPER's "Eighteen" & PERE UBU's "Final Solution", the long-lost Feb 28 1978 studio cuts of "Street Where Nobody Lives" & "What's This Shit Called Love"!!

• UNISSUED 1982 RADIO BROADCAST RIPPERS: the Velvet's "There She Goes Again", "Mixed Emotions", "Not Now No Way", the Snow/ Stones' "I'm Movin' On".

• PINK ALBUM cuts: "Nowhere To Run", "Give Til It Hurts", "Slow Street", "Dead End America", "Cry 815", "Angela", "When I Die", "Multiple Personalities", "Cleveland Confidential (Real World)", "Wall Of Shame"

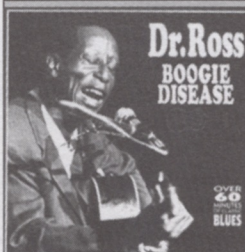
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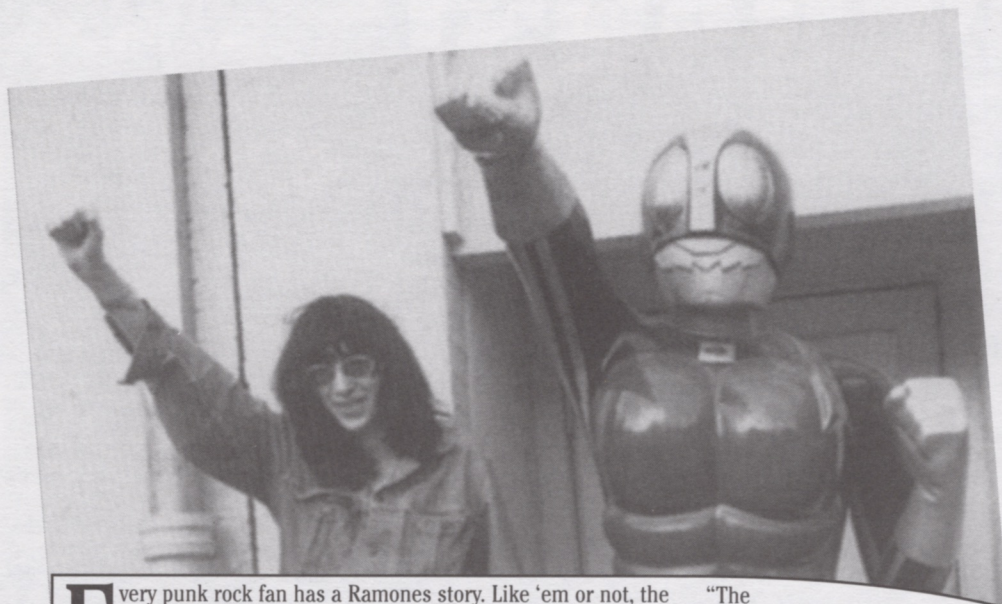
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Punk

Every punk rock fan has a Ramones story. Like 'em or not, the band is stuck to punk history like model glue to a truant's nose. My Ramones story begins like this:

It's all James Kamp's fault. You wouldn't know it if you met James now. He's living in Columbia, Missouri, making a go at singing and songwriting. His music has more in common with Bruce Springsteen or Elvis Costello than it does with punk rock. But James Kamp is fully responsible for turning me on to the Ramones.

See, in the late 70s, it didn't take much to be cool in the small town of DeSoto, Missouri. Granted, James would have been cool in any town at this time, but stick him in DeSoto with a subscription to *Rolling Stone*, and you've got a guy with a developing fan base. One of those lazy, school's-out summer days, I tagged along with my brother to James' house. I don't think we had anything

planned—we rarely did—yet something memorable always seemed to happen. On this particular day, I walked into James' room and saw the cover of the Ramones' debut album for the first time. "Who are THOSE guys?!?!?" That cover immediately hit you in the face. Like Kennedy's exploding head or those soldiers raising the flag at Iwo Jima, it's an all-American image that's imprinted in the psyche. He put the record on and I felt like I just drank a Big Gulp and kissed the prettiest girl on the block. Buzzsaw guitars. Delinquent chants. Pulsing beats. Maybe some New York intellectual-types would spout off about how the Ramones' music is "art" and all that shit. I didn't care. The Ramones gave me just what I needed. They went along well with my Little-League fastball and ten-speed.

When you're ten years old in a small town like DeSoto you need heroes. Sometimes you find them in comic books. Guys like Bruce Banner, Dr. Reed Richards, Peter Parker, and my favorite, Son of Satan. Sometimes they're sports figures: "Silent" George Hendrick,

"The Calloway Kid" Bake McBride, or Carlton "Pudge" Fisk. Maybe even a news anchor like Walter Cronkite or an astronaut like Neil Armstrong. If you're a little music nut, you're gonna find them on your turntable. Angus Young. Ace

Frehley. Joey

Ramone was a perfect

superhero. He was about seven feet tall, with a skinny mantid appearance. Had all the charisma of a monster from outer space. Black leather jacket. Knee-hole

jeans. And that page-boy hair-cut. Put that

man...thing...monster...hero at the center of the fastest punk band on the planet, raise him on great 60s power-pop, slap some good vocal cords in him, and you've got something special. You have a living, breathing superhero.

Somehow, after that day at James' house, I ended up with a cheap cassette of the Ramones' record. I can't remember if I lifted it from my brother, or if he borrowed it from James' brother Joe and then I lifted it, or what. But I held onto it. The shell was black with a silver-and-white Memorex label. Scribbled in blue ink it read "The




Ramones." Funny thing, I never even bought the record with the famous cover 'cause I had the cassette. Portable cassette decks were great. Wherever you went - on the school bus, to your cousin's, on vacation - your favorite sounds could tag along. I loved assaulting parents and authority types. "Beat on the brat with a baseball bat, oh yeah!" Coach loved that one. A few thousand plays later, the label is not so legible and the tape is all warbled, but I still hang on to it. Lotta sentimental value, y'know.

It would be years before I'd see a Ramones show. Age restrictions constantly worked against me. But it finally happened. September 29th, 1988: Ramones at Mississippi Nights. I've been to a ton of shows, and that first Ramones show still ranks near the top. Like thousands of kids before us—kids like Mick Jones, Sid Vicious, and Melvin Bimmelstein—my friends and I saw our first Ramones show and then started a punk band.

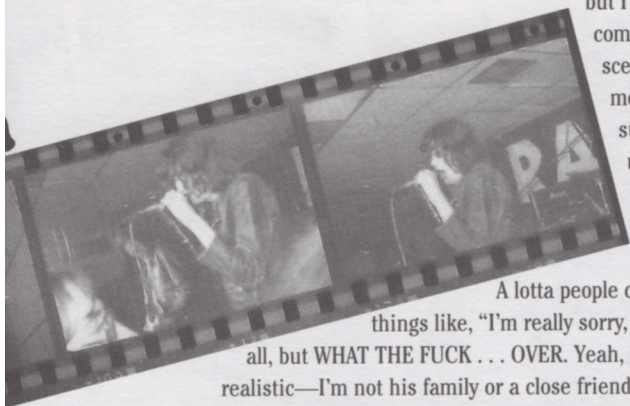
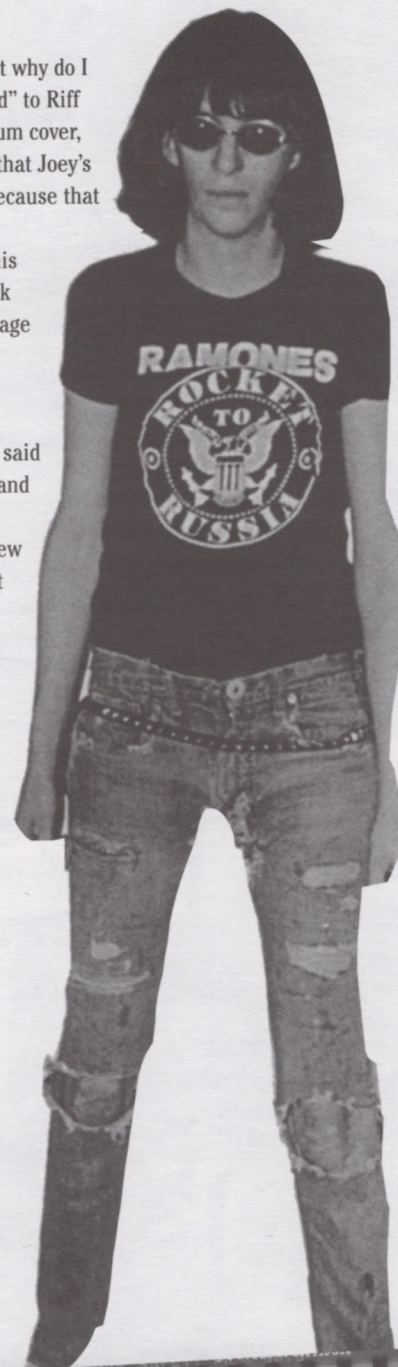
Joey died last Easter Sunday. There are so many things to remember about Joey Ramone, but why do I keep thinking of the scene from *Rock'n'Roll High School* where he sings "I Want You Around" to Riff Randell in her bedroom? Others might remember images of a pumping fist, or that first album cover, but I keep thinking of P.J. Soles, hallucinating that Joey's come for an evening rendezvous. Maybe it's because that scene is a defining moment for Joey Ramone. It demonstrates his superhero powers reaching beyond the punk underground to the masses—even to teenage girls who might also have a Sean Cassidy poster pinned to their bedroom wall.

A lotta people called me up to tell me Joey died, and they said things like, "I'm really sorry, man—you doing okay?" Well, that's nice and all, but WHAT THE FUCK . . . OVER. Yeah, he's my punk rock superhero, but let's be realistic—I'm not his family or a close friend. Send your condolences to Forest Hills, New York. They could use it. They're the ones that lost Jeffrey Hyman, the person. Me, I just lost a superhero.

At a time when everyone's talking about Joey's death, I'm thinking about what has been born because of the Ramones. That seminal force that started in April of '76 is going strong even today, as the Ramones inspired thousands of bands that have kept rock'n'roll alive and well. As I write this, I'm not listening to the Ramones. I'm listening to Discharge. It's raw. A fuzzed-out guitar is churns to the rhythm. I'm getting that feeling again. These days, I can hear a record from just about anywhere in the world and feel like I'm ten years old again. And all this because of Joey and the Ramones...well, them and James Kamp. - **MattBug** 

CK

Super Hero



An "It's Obvious...Not So Obvious" look at the year...

1976

New Year's Eve Show in Arkon, Ohio. Devo plays with the Dead Boys.

FEB 2- Ramones record first LP at Radio Sounds Studio in Radio City Music Hall. (Finish FEB 19)

JAN- Ramones sign contract with Sire

FEB 14- Blondies plays CBGB's with the Miamis. This is their first show with Jimi Destri on keyboards.

MAR 18- Eddie & the Hot Rods release first 45, "Writing on the Wall" b/w "Cruising".

APR- PUNK magazine, issue #3

APR 1- The Rezillos form, taking their name from a comic book "Revillo Café".

MAY 7- The Stooges "Metalic K.O." is released as a bootleg tape. The recording is thought to have been recorded on a tape deck by a fan during the Stooges last tour in '73.

JUNE 1- "The Runaways" first LP released on Mercury, the result of an ad placed in BOMP! Magazine two years earlier by Kim Fowley.

JUNE 4- "Live at CBGB's" LP recorded.

JAN

FEB

MAR

APR

MAY

JUNE

APR 13- Patti Smith's 45 "Gloria" b/w "My Generation" is released on Arista.

MAY 31- 101er's debut 7" "Keys to Your Heart" b/w "Five Star Rock 'n' Roll Patrol" released on Chiswick.

MAR 18- Pere Ubu releases 45 on their own Hearthan Record label, "Final Solution" b/w "Cloud 149".

JUNE 6- Joe Strummer leaves 101ers to form The Heartdrops. The Heartdrops will soon change their name to The Clash.

JUNE 17- Blondie's first single "X Offender" b/w "In the Sun" released on Private Stock Records.

APR 23- Ramones LP released April 23rd (Sire)

PERE UBU

FINAL SOLUTION
CLOUD 149



I love
HANDSOM
DICK!

RAMONES

JULY-Heartbreakers
play first show without
Richard Hell on bass.

AUG- Suicide
Commandos 7"
released "Monster A
Go Go/Cliché
Ole/Emission Control"

DEC 1- Sex
Pistols appear on
Bill Grundy's
"Today" show
(after Queen
cancelled).

JULY 6- The Damned's
first public appearance.
Dave Vanian, Brian
James, Rat Scabies,
and Ray Burns play the
100 Club in London,
opening for the Sex
Pistols.

SEPT 2-
Siouxsie and
the Banshees
take their name
from the
Vincent Price
film "Cry of the
Banshee".

DEC 6- First date of
"Anarchy in UK"
tour, featuring The
Sex Pistols, The
Damned and The
Heartbreakers.

AUG- Wayne County
"Max's Kansas City"
45 released on Max's
label.

JULY- PUNK
magazine, issue #4.

NOV 15- The
Vibrators 1st solo
45 released, "We
Vibrate" b/w "Whips
and Furs".

DEC 12- Saints 45
released on Power
Exchange, "I'm
Stranded" b/w "No
Time".

AUG- Suburban Studs
play the Seven Stars
in Haywood

SEPT 13- Dave Vanian
leaves day job as
grave digger to
concentrate on The
Damned.

OCT 22- The
Damned's 1st 45
released on Stiff,
"New Rose" b/w
"Help".

NOV 18-
Richard Hell
& The
Voidoids
debut at
CBGBs.

Dec 16- Ralph Records
of San Francisco
releases The Residents
"Satisfaction" b/w
"Loser (is Congruent
to Weed)".

OCT- "Live at the Rat" LP
recorded

SEPT 13- Eater
gets a new
drummer, 14
year old Dee
Generate.

JULY- Blondie
records first LP

JULY- Dead Boys
debut at CBGBs in New
York.

JULY- Ramones debut
in England at
Roundhouse on the 4th
with Flamin' Groovies

NOV 19- Sex Pistols
1st 45 released,
"Anarchy in the UK"
b/w "I Wanna Be
Me".

DEC 21- The Roxy
opens, hosting
Generation X and
Siouxsie & the
Banshees".

AUG 21- Eddie & the
Hot Rods "Live at the
Marquee" EP released
on Island.

SEPT 20, 21- 100
Club Punk Fest in
London. 1st night:
Subway Sect plays
1st show, Siouxsie &
the Banshees, The
Clash, The Sex
Pistols. 2nd night:
The Stinky Toys
from France, The
Damned, The
Buzzcocks.

SEPT-
Runaways
"Cherry
Bomb" b/w
"Blackmail"
7" released.

DEC 22- Adverts
offered single
contract with Stiff.

JULY- Ramones
"Blitzkreig Bop/Havana
Affair" 7" released on
Sire in UK.

AUG 24- Wire forms

**Look for the next "It's Obvious...Not So Obvious"
Guide to buying music...**

DOING LUNCH WITH THE PLUTONIUM KIDZ

Not since 1979, when Devo stopped for breakfast on their way back to Akron, had the Exit 11 Waffle House been visited with star power of this magnitude.

Edwardsville teen sensations the Plutonium Kidz had already ordered from the laminated menu-cards by the time Head in a Milk Bottle's Jon and Maija arrived. Part of an active group of southern Illinois bands encroaching upon the St. Louis music scene, the Plutonium Kidz bring a refreshing blast of smart, spastic pop to a club circuit saturated with by-the-numbers posturing. With their lo-fi multimedia stage show and infectious enthusiasm, the Plutonium Kidz enchant the most jaded of scenesters—even the hardened cynics of HIAMB.

PLUTONIUM KID 1: Are we supposed to introduce ourselves?

HIAMB: You can introduce yourselves and say what you do in the band...

PLUTONIUM KID 2: I play the drums. I'm Super Dude.

HIAMB: OK, I wanted to ask about that...[During the band's appearance on KDHX's Afternoon Delight, Molly had explained that drummer Super Dude was a reincarnation of her late hamster].

MOLLY: He only lived like two weeks with me!

RORY: And so, he was two weeks old then, then [he] died, and then [he] lived in heaven for like 23 years or something? And then he just came back to life a few weeks ago. We used to have a different drummer named Inspector Wong, but he kept trying to foil our shows.

MOLLY: He was Minister of Propaganda, hired by the government.

SUPER DUDE: I take drum lessons from Brian de Mattheis...very good drum teacher.

HIAMB: Have you guys been doing this for a long time?

WONDERWHIRL: Well, we've been together since July.

PLUTONIUM KID 3: [Wonderwhirl] I play the bass.

PLUTONIUM KID 4: I play the keyboards and I am Molly Fantastique!

PLUTONIUM KID 1: I'm Rory Rocket, and I play the guitar and generally act like an ass.

HIAMB: I also wanted to clarify which one of you is the youngest and which one is the oldest. You don't have to say your ages unless you want to.

WONDERWHIRL: I just turned 16 yesterday!

HIAMB: All right! Happy birthday!

SUPER DUDE: I'm 22—I'm almost 23.

HIAMB: And then the other two are somewhere in between?

MOLLY: We're in the middle!...He used to be my hamster [gestures to Super Dude]!

RORY: That's when we started playing music, but we've known each other since we were very, very young.

HIAMB: That was actually my next question—how you guys met.

RORY: Yeah, us three [Rory, Molly, and Wonderwhirl] all lived in the same orphanage, but then we all got adopted.

MOLLY: But then we had to run away.

HIAMB: How did you find each other?

MOLLY: We can communicate telepathically. Because we all have the same syndrome.

RORY: Very similar to the story of the animals in The Incredible Journey. We had to journey across the entire Midwest.



SUPER

DUDE: I guess you already know how they got me, right?

HIAMB: Yeah, you're Molly's hamster. OK—how do you know that he's your hamster?

MOLLY: He looks just like him! He's got a white stripe on his tummy! I wrote this song about it, 'cuz I was very sad that he died. So he heard the song up in heaven, and he said he would come back.

HIAMB: And because you guys are like, a younger band, I wanted to know like, the sort of trials and tribulations of a young rock'n'roll band playing in St. Louis.

MOLLY: They make your parents come with you to the bar. But it's fine 'cuz [our] parents are nice. And also people say that we're not professional because we're too young. So maybe in

interview by
mai ja and jon

ten years we'll call them back and they'll let us play at their crappy bar.

HIAMB: Who says...Well, I shouldn't ask who said you're not professional...

MOLLY: Three-1-Three in Belleville!

SUPER DUDE: Yeah, never go there!

HIAMB: What's different about being a southern Illinois band rather than being a St. Louis band?

RORY: Well, never having been in a St. Louis band...

MOLLY: Oh, I know the answer—there's all these web pages that feature St. Louis bands, and they won't put your band on if you're from Illinois. That's why this boy that's in this band called the Cradles, Jason—he started an eastside web page, so other bands could be on it. The Cradles are good too!

HIAMB: Now we know where you guys don't like to play, so where are your favorite places to play and what bands do you like to play with?

MOLLY: We like to play with SkareKrau Radio...and the Cradles! 'Cuz they're nice and they help us get places to play at.

RORY: And the Seven Shot Screamers—they're super-nice...the Way Out is the only place that will let us play.

MOLLY: And Frederick's Music Lounge.

RORY: And the Creepy Crawl said we could play there.

HIAMB: Frederick's is nice; it's cozy. But you guys probably won't be able to bring all your stuff.

MOLLY: Our stuff got lost.

RORY: Yeah, yeah, that was another tribulation.

MOLLY: We were driving to St. Louis and it flew out of the car.

RORY: We had our puppet theater and our Drinky Crow stand-up...and our Ralph Wiggum stand-up, and they all flew away on the highway.

MOLLY: We didn't think we had to tie 'em down with bungee cords.

RORY: The puppet theater was pretty damn heavy, so I didn't think it would blow away. But it did.

HIAMB: I'm sorry to hear that.

RORY: Yeah, so were the people that were driving behind us.

MOLLY: We have the slide show still. But we're gonna make more. And we made a Radioactive Moonflower fan.

RORY: Yeah, we made a fan. I put like a dimmer switch in line with the power source...That can be the headline: "Plutonium Kidz Install Dimmer Switch on Fan."

MOLLY: If you [gave us all] personalities, I would say Rory's the bossy one. I'm the smart one.

WONDERWHIRL: I don't know what I am.

MOLLY: She's the cute one.

SUPER DUDE: What about me?...I'm the...

MOLLY: He's the indecisive one.

HIAMB: And then, ummm, describe the average Plutonium Kidz fan.

MOLLY: It could be anyone! Just like you or me!

RORY: They're usually invisible. That's the #1 characteristic you find in most Plutonium Kidz fans.



MOLLY:

There's a lot of 'em though. There's a lot of 8-year olds that liked us the other day when we played. I heard

they were all playing air-guitar behind us.

HIAMB: Where was this?

RORY: At the SIU Battle of the Nerds.

HIAMB: Oh, tell us all about that!

RORY: Uh, SkareKrau Radio played there...Have you ever seen 'em before? If you don't know what they're like it's not as funny [Jesse White, Illinois Secretary of State, introduced SkareKrau Radio's set].

MOLLY: Like the judges got offended and left halfway through their set.

HIAMB: Are they like...confrontational...Throbbing Gristle-type thing?

MOLLY: No, they're just, like, fun.

SUPER DUDE: They like to make asses of themselves...be real stupid...and people like to watch people do that.

HIAMB: How was playing on Afternoon Delight?

WONDERWHIRL: It was scary! But it was fun. We had these huge headphones on.

RORY: That was awesome. Jeff's so nice.

MOLLY: We could hear the vocals for once—that was nice.

RORY: They have free water, and free coffee too.

HIAMB: Do you guys watch a lot of TV? Are you like, media-saturated?

MOLLY: I watch Full House twice a day; that's pretty much it.

WONDERWHIRL: I hardly ever do. My mom's house doesn't get any channels.

SUPER DUDE: That's why she's insane.

WONDERWHIRL: Yeah, I make up my own TV shows.

SUPER DUDE: I don't watch TV, 'cuz I'm too cool to watch TV.

RORY: I love TV! My favorite show is Pete & Pete...Simpsons...Futurama is getting better and better.



HIAMB: So has being in a band made you guys more popular?

ALL: Uhhh...

WONDERWHIRL: Well, a lot of people at school know about my band, 'cuz I wear our shirts all the time. And then like, some people I didn't talk to before who are in a band too—they call me to get shows and stuff.

SUPER DUDE: I didn't get more popular... 'Cuz after a show I get really nervous and I don't want to talk to anybody. I think they want to compliment me, or they feel like they have to.

MOLLY: I'm definitely not more popular.

HIAMB: Have you gotten less popular being in this band?

MOLLY: [thinks] I would have to go with yes.

RORY: I had to make a pretty big sacrifice with my popularity, too.

HIAMB: So do you guys ever do karaoke?

MOLLY: In sixth grade I won a karaoke contest—"It's My Party and I'll Cry if I Want to." It was at our sixth grade graduation party, and I won a free Koosh Ball... We did a dance routine to it. It was the moment where I really shined.

SUPER DUDE: Everything else has been downhill... I used to do karaoke. See, I'm the drunk one of the band... I go to the bars and... Oh yeah, we're supposed to be innocent, aren't we?

MOLLY: But drunken hamsters are cute.

HIAMB: So what bands have influenced you?

SUPER DUDE: Someone wrote to us and said we sounded like the B-52's and the Shaggs.

RORY: Maybe we sound like the Shaggs 'cuz they didn't know how to play any instruments and we don't know how to play any instruments... But I like They Might Be Giants and XTC—they're my favorite bands.

MOLLY: In the wide spectrum I'd have to say New Kids on the Block... but I'm a big fan of They Might Be Giants as well...

[At this point, HIAMB Jon upsets a slice of pecan pie into HIAMB Maija's lap.]

MOLLY: ...Gawd! I think also, like when I was in high school I listened to Bunnygrunt a lot. I like them a whole lot.

HIAMB: My last question is: What is the future of the Plutonium Kidz?

WONDERWHIRL: This summer we're going to Chicago, and we're gonna record something professionally... My dad's friend is in the business and he's gonna do it for us.

SUPER DUDE: And Molly Fantastique is moving to Washington in August.

MOLLY: September, but I'll be back. I'll be back for holidays; we can do holiday extravaganza spectaculars!

SUPER DUDE: Rory's gonna be an engineer.

RORY: I like trains.

HIAMB: Is there anything else you guys wanna say?

SUPER DUDE: I wanna give a shout-out to my wonderful girlfriend. Her name is Jeeny [sic].

WONDERWHIRL: Well, my friends have helped me out a lot, and the three of them, too. And it's been like the funnest thing I've ever done.

MOLLY: Don't have kids—adopt 'em.

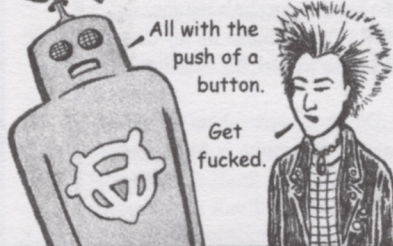
RORY: Taxes are too high! We need to run these rascals out of office.

SUPER DUDE: And fight corporations. 'Cuz they're evil. Wal-Mart has more money than South America... No! South Africa. No, seriously.

Following the interview, a scuffle arose regarding who would pay the bill. We finally persuaded the band to let us draw from the generous expense account extended to Head in a Milk Bottle staffers.



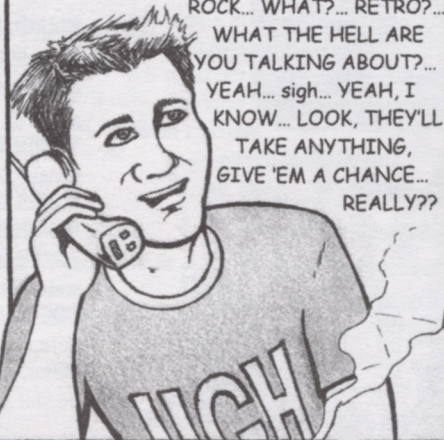
21st CENTURY ROCK



All with the push of a button.

Get fucked.

...YEAH, BUT THAT'S WHY THEY'RE GOING ON TOUR... YEAH, A COUPLE OF LP's, THEY ROCK... WHAT?... RETRO?... WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?... YEAH... sigh... YEAH, I KNOW... LOOK, THEY'LL TAKE ANYTHING, GIVE 'EM A CHANCE... REALLY??



2 MONTHS LATER

ANYTHING GOING ON TONIGHT?

DJ PHUNKEY NUTZ IS SPINNING AT THE RAVE, THEN EVERYONE'S HEADING OVER TO CARSON'S TO BLOW PUFFER FISH AND STARE AT LIGHTS.



SHE SAID THEY SOUNDED LIKE THE SEX PISTOLS...

I WONDER WHICH ONE'S HER COUSIN...

PLEASE LET THIS NIGHT END...

PLEASE PLAY "GREEN SCARE"!



WOW... I DON'T THINK THAT'S EVEN ENOUGH TO GET US TO COLUMBIA.

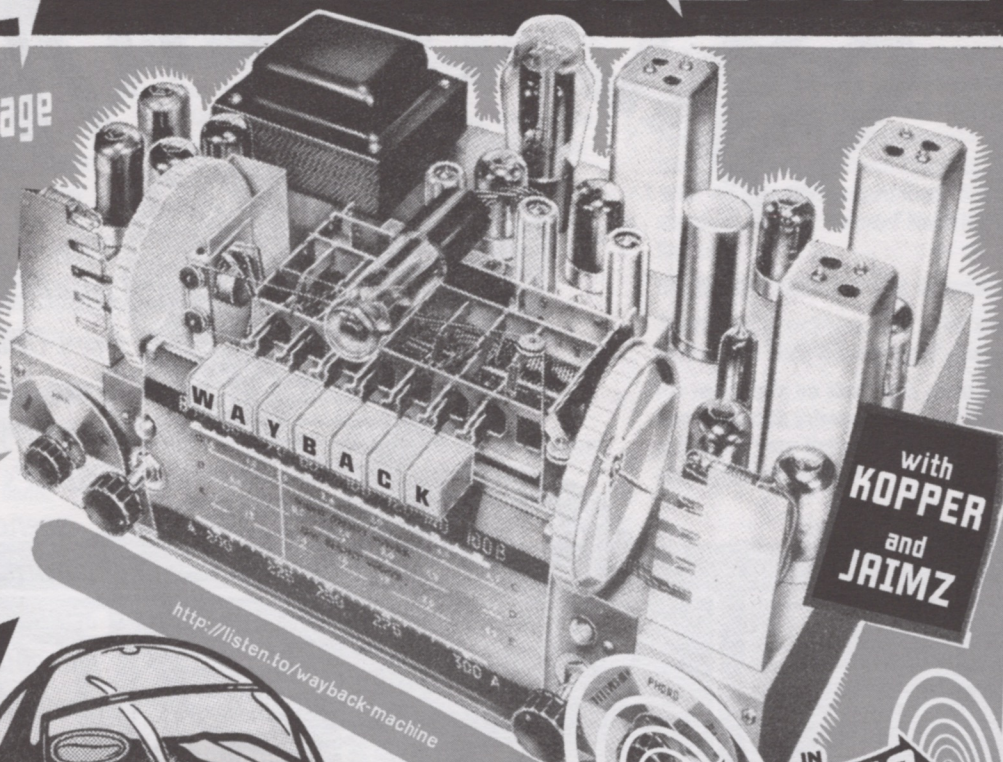
Morals like these do not compute.
Eat shit.

THE WAYBACK MACHINE

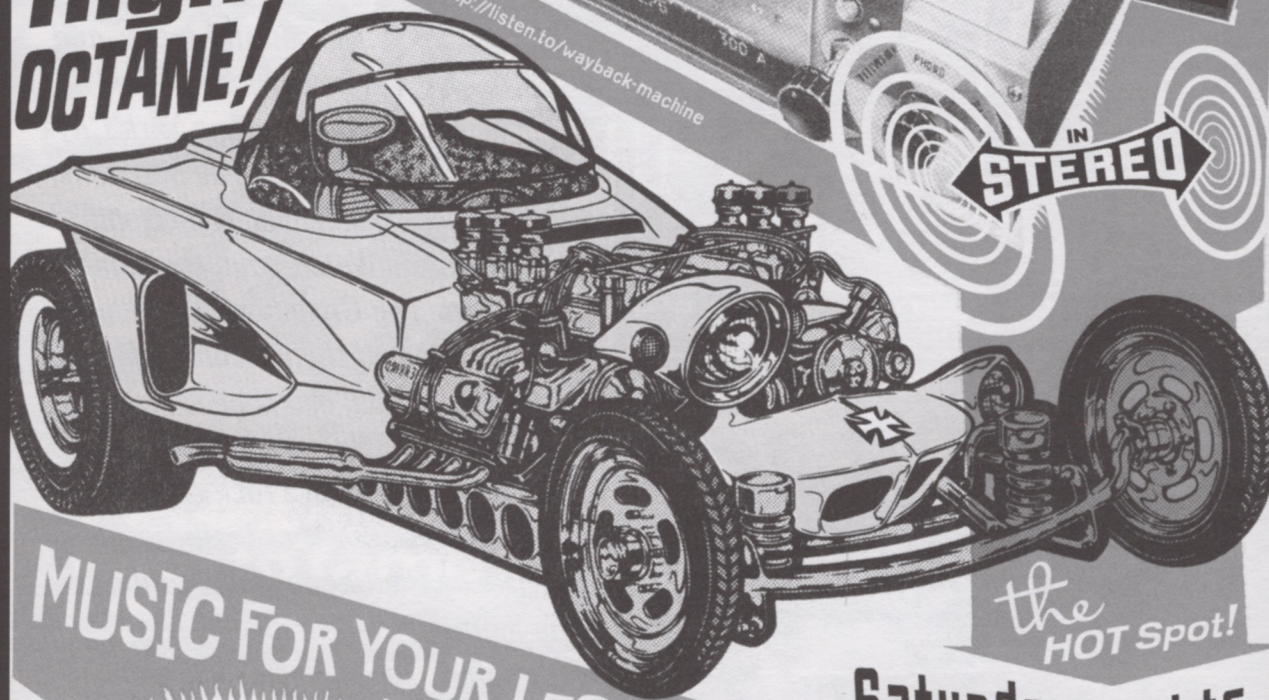
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AND WHAT'S BETWEEN THEM.

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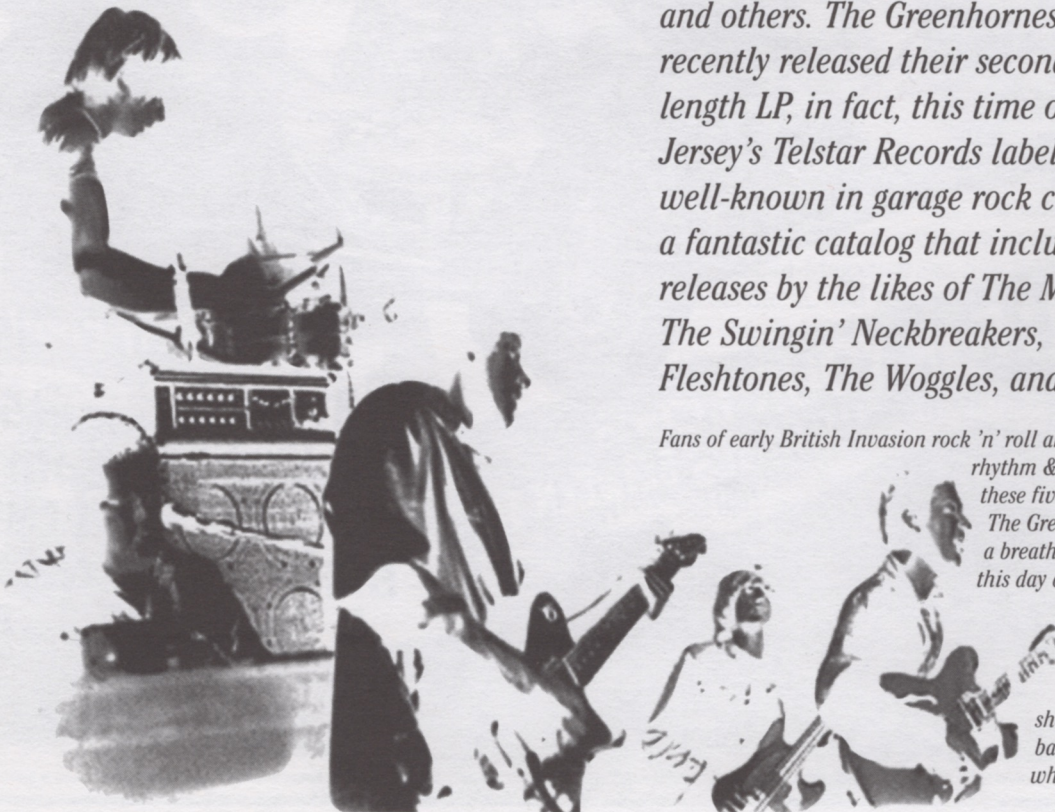
THE GREENHORNES



THE GREENHORNES are from Cincinnati, Ohio and are one of the truly exciting new young groups in the Midwest's garage rock scene. They've been turning heads and shakin' asses all over the country lately, and have even performed at Cavestomp! in New York City

alongside bands such as The Standells, The Mooney Suzuki, The Hate Bombs, The Chocolate Watchband, the Monks, and others. The Greenhornes just recently released their second full-length LP, in fact, this time on New Jersey's Telstar Records label, which is well-known in garage rock circles for a fantastic catalog that includes releases by the likes of The Mummies, The Swingin' Neckbreakers, The Fleshtones, The Woggles, and more.

Fans of early British Invasion rock 'n' roll and guitar-driven rhythm & blues will find these five young men in The Greenhornes to be a breath of fresh air in this day and age of predictable modern schlock rock. A Greenhornes show hearkens back to the days when the Kinks



and Stones adopted American R&B standards and created an entirely new genre of music. With two guitars, hypnotic rhythm section and a moody organ up front in the mix, this young band has caused many a rump to shake and shimmy out of whack with their bluesy garage rock revival sounds that mirror the original groove and soul of rock's early days.

Since forming in 1996, the Greenhornes, who moved to Cincinnati from the eastern Indiana towns of Bright and Leon, have racked up a sizable following. In 1997, the band performed at the first Cincinnati Enquirer Pop Music (Cammy) Awards and won the award for best new artist. The band's lineup includes Craig Fox on guitars and vocals, Brian Olive on guitar and back-up vocals, Patrick Keeler on drums, Jack Lawrence on bass, and Jared McKinney on organ.

Back in early April they made their first appearance in St. Louis, and played a fantastic set at the Rocket Bar which really got the crowd moving, as well as performing live on The Wayback Machine radio show [KDHX-FM 88.1] on the very same night (ah, the wonders of technology). Interview by Kopper.

HIAMB: The first thing I'd like to ask you guys is how you all came together to form a band, and whose idea was it originally to play this style of music?

CRAIG: Well, we just started playing for fun and then decided to try to play out at a club so it went well and we just kept doing it.

PATRICK: It was all my idea, the whole thing... hahaha!

JARED: Well, all of us except Jack went to high school together. As for the style, that is just what came out when we started playing.

HIAMB: Give a brief history of the band. How long have you been playing, and how long was it before you released your first CD? Also, how did you get hooked up w/Telstar?

CRAIG: Patrick, Jared and Brian were in a band together in high school. I played a little guitar and was disenchanted with all the bands I'd ever seen because they all played versions of Metallica or Testament songs. I was under the impression that being in a band with people my age would be impossible. I wanted to play originals... Rolling Stones, Cream, Jimi Hendrix and Kinks songs. I couldn't really play guitar; I played along with the records and had loads of fun. One Fourth of July I was at the park and I heard someone playing "Sunshine Of Your Love," and I said, "Hey it's those dorks from school! Patrick, Brian, Jared and Eric!!" The rest is history. So we first got together in late '96 and finally started playing around town in '97. Sometime in '98 we started landing gigs outside of town, like in Cleveland and Detroit. The first album was self-released in '99. I think we recorded it almost a year before it came out, which would have been '98. I was born in '75

and got out of school in '93. As for getting hooked up with Telstar Records, The Swingin' Neckbreakers told Todd [Abramson] about us.

JARED: Some of us have been in various bands for the last ten years. The Greenhornes actually formed in April of '96. We released our first single in January of '98, and our first CD, Gun for You, was released in June of '99.

HIAMB: There's obviously a heavy soul/R&B and blues influence in your music. Did you guys all grow up listening to this or was this something you mainly discovered on your own?

CRAIG: Well, speaking for myself, I've always liked singers like Ben E. King. I listen to his song "Young Boy Blues" all the time, but I think the main R&B influence came from the Rolling Stones. I'd listen to a song like "That's How Strong My Love Is" and think, "That's a good song. How'd they write that?" Then I'd look at the credits and see that they DIDN'T write it, which then introduced me to the old soul and R&B that wasn't really on the oldies stations or anything.

HIAMB: How many times have you guys toured, where have you played, and with what other bands of note?

CRAIG: We've gone on three or four tours that were about a week-and-a-half long, played with The Swingin' Neckbreakers, The Sadies, The White Stripes, ? and the Mysterians, Richard and the Young Lions, Dick Dale, The Detroit Cobras and Bruche Thomason.

JARED: We started out doing weekends in the Midwest: Cleveland, Detroit, Columbus, Athens (OH), Pittsburgh, etc. We just gradually branched out. Our weekends turned into weeks, and our stops began to include the Chicago, Green Bay area, the East Coast, the Southeast, and even Canada.

HIAMB: Do you feel that this new CD is helping to create more of a buzz about the band? How has reaction been on your most recent tour? Better?

CRAIG: The CD is definitely helping. In some cities there are people there to see us instead of people just being there and seeing us. The reaction has been very good; there are four or five girls standing in the street in front of my house as I write this.

They won't leave me alone! Sometimes I think it was better before I was famous.

JARED: The reaction always seems to improve the more we do. The new record is more widely available than the first one, so that's good. And, of course, the people at Telstar are wonderful. As for the reaction we get, that varies. When you go into a town for the first time, a lot of people just don't know what to do with us. As we hit some of these places a few times, the crowds seem to know the songs, or at least know that it's OK to dance.

HIAMB: Do you find the crowds that attend your shows, and your own local following in Cincinnati, to be that of older, say, over 30 folks, or is it a younger crowd, or a good mix of both?

CRAIG: At the shows where we are known it seems to be a mix of all ages.

HIAMB: Tell us a little bit about your manager and what other bands he's been involved with in the past and other ones he's currently managing.

CRAIG: We no longer are under management. Stan was in The [Cincinnati] band Them, or It's Them. They were on King Records and Toy Tiger back in the '60s. Stan had much success with other bands before he met the Greenhornes...
PATRICK: Stan has gotten out of the band management business because he has decided to put his efforts into other things, like publishing and recording.

HIAMB: What are some of your favorite current/modern bands out there right now?

CRAIG: The Swingin' Neckbreakers, The Shams, The Grotesque Brooms, The White Stripes, The Mooney Suzuki, The Sights, The Sadies... There's a lot of cool stuff that is happening that a lot of people don't get the opportunity to see.


HIAMB: What does the future hold in store for The Greenhornes? More records? Festivals, etc.?

CRAIG: More records definitely. Festivals... Sleazefest, Scramarama, maybe more.

HIAMB: What's "Scramarama?" Got any details on it?

PATRICK: It's a two-day music festival in L.A. held on Nov. 2nd & 3rd. It is put on by the people at Scram magazine, a small publication that focuses on unpopular culture.... www.scrammagazine.com

HIAMB: Finally, how can people interested in hearing your music get their hands on your CDs and other merchandise?

PATRICK: Check our web site at www.greenhornes.com. You can get a Telstar catalog by writing to Todd Abramson at P.O. Box 1123, Hoboken, NJ 07030, or by sending an e-mail to TelstarRec@aol.com. 



PIZZA, PORNO, + PUSSY

by Deff Stryker

I'll tell you what. 9 times out of 10, hype will ruin everything. It's almost as much of a jinx as anticipation. Combine the two, and you're setting yourself up for one major letdown. You're better off walking into a shit-hole with a heap of chips stacked squarely on your shoulders than relying on hearsay and hope. At least you're on solid ground from the get-go. I went to Joanie's with pretty high expectations, so in hindsight, what else should I have expected?

I'm no grand food connoisseur. Put a plate of pasta primavera in front of me, and I'll use it for an ashtray and ask for a can of Spaghetti-O's, a can opener, and a spoon. I also like pizza. I'd easily rank it up there with my top favorite foods. And as a man of limited tastes, I'd say I've got a bit of cred regarding my own preferences. If you want to jaw about your average frozen variety platter, I've got something to say. Nothing beats a Totino's for taste and frugality. They're not just for parties anymore. You can usually find them on sale for \$1 a piece at Shop 'n' Save, and it's well worth the purchase if you're on a tight budget. If you've got a little extra cash to spend, you can try a Tony's, but I wouldn't recommend it. Totino's are cheap but good. Tony's are cheap and taste like it too. I think every ingredient is analogous to rubber in some form or another except for the sauce, which is more like a freshly squeezed, 2-day-old crack whore rag with a metallic coat-hanger bouquet. Tombstones, now in 77 varieties, just don't measure up to what they used to be. Put a multitude of topping options on cardboard, and sorry, it'll still taste like cardboard. Even if you follow the strict pre-heat cooking directions, you'll always get that bad aftertaste. Don't even bother. Not to mention, as is the case with a lot of pizzas, the sausage bares a strange resemblance to pressed rat turds. Red Baron's have suffered the same fate, except the cheese seems to have so many preservatives in it that it requires an entirely different set of cooking directions altogether. Jack's are what Tombstones used to be. Cheap, mid-grade quality, and scarfable. I hope they don't change the formula on this one, because it's one of the best out there today. Highly recommended. Mama Celeste is bleh. Lucia's uses provel, and that's enough said. This might be right up someone else's chute, but personally I hate provel, and I hate Imo's. I can live with the toasted ravioli and barbecued pork steaks, but one of my biggest regional embarrassments is "St. Louis-style" pizza. If you want to go high-grade, don't bother with the rising crust competition. Twice the cardboard, hoorah. DiGiorno's are far and above Freschetta's. Freschetta's sauce has an oddly sweet taste, there's too much crust perimeter, and that excessive grainy coating that they put on the outside is just plain weird.

Once in a while you want to treat yourself to something fresh, though. Sure, you'll go a couple of days eating light bland meals trying to diminish that spare tire that's inflating around your mid-section before the warm weather hits, but once in a while you

just have to tell yourself "Fuck all" or make some bullshit promise to yourself that you'll start exercising more intensely to counter the effect. It doesn't matter. Nothing beats a fresh pie. Restaurant pizzas are so damned expensive, you want it to be worth the price. The chains have their pluses and minuses. You can only exhaust the biggies for so long before you get bored and start expanding out into the realm of independents. Such can be said for a lot of things in life.

As I'd mentioned previously, with all the recommendations and bogus polls floating around, I really thought I was in for something unique at Joanie's. We got there and opted for an outside patio table since it was such a nice night. Some asshole in the neighborhood couldn't get his fat ass out of the car to pick up their pal, so there was about 5 minutes of persistent horn honking from the moment we sat down. That obviously wasn't the restaurant's fault, but it sure didn't add to the ambiance. I'm not all about flash anyway, so the simple décor suited me just fine. I'm a table leaner, however, and since the tables were naked and built in that black, weaved wrought-iron pattern, I ended up with waffle arms by the end of the night. I liked the day-glo candles, though.



The service was decent. No complaints there. I didn't go to be pampered, anyway. I went for the food. We ordered an appetizer of garlic bread with our pizzas. Although the bread was fresh and crispy, it was made a la cheapo home-style. Butter the top, dump a ton of garlic powder over it, and cook until browned. I like it that way, don't get me wrong, but if you're going to pay substantial dough for bread, you'd think the topping wouldn't come from a bulk bottle of processed spice from the local wholesale outlet.

The pizza itself, which didn't take too terribly long to be prepared, wasn't quite what I had envisioned. First of all, I ordered a thick crust, and it ended up being somewhere between a typical thin and a hand-tossed. Secondly, and I got a general consensus on this, the crust had almost the exact same taste and texture as a Chef Boy-R-Dee home kit. Again, it's something that I like on occasion, but not quite the caliber I would expect if I were to pay 5 times the amount for someone else to prepare it for me. There was nothing special about the toppings, which came in average supply. The hamburger was the pressed, sandy bar/fair grade variety. At least the pepperoni wasn't floating like lily pads on top of a lake of grease. The sauce was the sweeter kind. I don't mind it, but it's not my preference. The re-eat/re-heat factor for leftovers, which incidentally is an essential quality in defining good pizza, was decent the next day. Maybe just a tad blander, but not bad.

All in all, Joanie's is a cool place. There's nothing particular about the restaurant itself that I have any qualms about, but as far as the food's concerned, I think I could have gone to the grocery store and qualified another option for less money. Stick it in the fucking oven. What's the big deal?



The flashy lights and eccentric neon exterior of the Jewel Box on I64 blare out at night like an aerial shot of Las Vegas. What most people don't realize is the Jewel Box only flanks the grit and debauchery that lies within the small, seedy town of Washington Park. Venture further north off the beaten path along Illinois' Kingshighway, and you can witness it yourself. The businesses along the main drag roll by as such: strip club, pawn shop, pager store, Church's chicken, drive-thru liquor, another strip club, another pager store, another pawn shop... After this it's a bit redundant. Poor black people scatter about the streets and porches in communal droves. It's the kind of area where if you take a wrong turn, you roll up the windows and unreasonably pray that you don't get shot or jacked in the process of quickly navigating your way out. Nestled at the end of this strip just past C-Mowes on the right is Fish's, a palace of porn, a pervert's paradise.

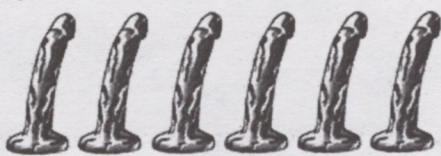
The building resembles some sort of generic farming shed. Plain tan corrugated steel boxes the walls. Nothing too ornate except the neon sign displaying the name on the wall. I admit I was a trifle intimidated when I walked up to the door and realized that I had to ring a bell to enter the premises, but my guess is this is for legal reasons. Right inside the door to the right is the register, where a Mansonesque-looking fellow sat with a friendly welcome. Spread out past this are the multitudes of videos, magazines, and toys that Fish's houses.

I started off by heading over to the magazine racks on the left to take a glance at the fair. Quite a few underground, independent, and international publications lined the wall along with several copies and issues of what I'm sure are old favorites like *Plumpers*, *Shavers*, and *Shackled*. Pretty costly, but equitable to your average fetishist, I suppose.

The videos generate just as much diversity. Grant it, the majority of the offerings are your run-of-the-mill skin flicks starring silicone-stuffed Bambi Bleachers and their greasy manipulative pals dripping with machismo and pre-cum. Hey, it's a vicarious market after all. You get the general idea from such titles as *Shut Up And Blow Me* or the timeless classic *Fuck 'Em And Flee* (featuring "chocolate chip nips")! But packed in between the seas of sleaze, you can find just about every kink imaginable preserved on magnetic tape, minus maybe snuff, bestiality, pedophilia, and necrophilia. There's casual matter like race-mixing (*Interracial Facials*) or obesity (*Life in*

the *Fat Lane*) that progresses into themes like barely-legals, anal, water sports, scat, freaks, midgets, and S&M. Then there were fetishes that I didn't even know existed. Take milking, for example. Can you believe they're already up to a *Lactamania 14*?! Another one that I found particularly frightening was elderly women. And believe it or not, the genre has garnered enough interest to include crossover material such as anal sex and gang fucking (*Bust a Nut in Grandma's Butt*). Fish's also offers a large and expanding variety of DVDs, the modern porn aficionado's wet dream.

Behind the new releases and international videos by the gay section is a dimly lit back area filled with preview booths showcasing a choice of pre-selected recent titles. Surprisingly, they weren't filled with nymphomaniacal homosexuals or married infidels. This is probably due to the fact that there are no glory holes between the walls. I'd say strictly "masturbation only" if the closets weren't so roomy.



Covering the right wall of the main store is every sexual device and toy you could fathom. The dildos alone take up one huge portion, ranging in all sorts of shapes and sizes. The pricier ones are either the realistic (!) versions or the fancier styles like double-headers and textures. Circling back towards the front of the store beyond the pumps and stimulants are a few other dildos and rubber arms that will make you cringe at their sheer enormity. I deceitfully passed these off as novelty items just to steady myself and began perusing the inflatable dolls. Manson came over and we joked about the mammoth prosthetics while he priced the dolls I pretended to be interested in. There was a particular doll hanging from the ceiling above that somehow ranked as one of the more costly models. Utterly retarded realism with a photocopied face. I made some jokes about desperation. He acknowledged it by pointing out the inflatable farm animals. Thankfully, the guy had a pretty good sense of humor. Pretty cool chap actually. I noticed on the neighboring wall, where the black section was neatly factioned off, there was also a darker girl hanging similarly from the ceiling. Being of African descent with a cold shocked look of exasperation on her face and swinging from a rope wrapped tightly around her neck, I'd thought about making a snide remark, but I kept it to myself. Past all that was a wide selection of women's products: beads, eggs, probes, flickers... I couldn't tell you what half of these devices did for the consumer. I didn't feel like examining the boxes for directions. Considering the selection, I'd say if you can't find that extra stimulation you crave at Fish's, my suggestion would be to stand in a pool of water and plug your nipples into the nearest outlet.

After spending about an hour gawking around the place, I bid Manson farewell and left empty-handed. However, I did take with me a better understanding of just how fucked up people are, a consolation that's been accentuating in my head for a long time now.

Top Five Movie Titles At FISH'S

5. *Krista's Pregnant Gang Bang*
4. *Saturday Night Beaver*
3. *Sodomized Delinquents Show Me Your Colon*
2. *Slap Her In the Crapper*
1. *The Gapes of Wrath* ...BLAST OFF!!



Somewhere in between the mall and the ketchup bottle on Hwy159 lays a legendary hole of a strip bar called Dottie's Body Shop. It's essentially in the middle of nowhere like some secret inner-dimensional utopia, but not quite that glamorous. It's easy to miss if you're driving along and don't take notice. Dottie's isn't one of those new-fangled T&A megaplexes. It's been lodged inside what appears to be merely an unadorned double-wide trailer for the last 20 years or so, changing settings from its original East St. Louis residence due to the rise of crime and white flight. I wouldn't say the marketing venture has thrived since those formative days, but they're still in business, and Dottie still runs the place and makes a point to be there on a nightly basis hanging out with her crew and observing the girls.

Ever since the past when I was a kid and saw older people sporting the bar t-shirts, Dottie's had developed some odd mystique about it. The name alone is catchy and immediately recognizable. Seeing as it is a lone location on the edge of a well-kept city, not to mention probably the closest strip bar to where I grew up, it was only a matter of time before the name came back to haunt me and I had to go see the enigma for myself.

I went with a group of friends late on a Saturday night. We figured, like most bars, if it was ever going to be hopping, the time was right. We pulled into the small parking lot as we all sort of held our breaths in anticipation. There's nothing else around the spot except another even smaller bar annexed to the right. To the left appeared to be some kind of courtyard surrounded by a high wooden fence topped with extremely sharp looking barbs and razor wire. (So the girls can't escape???) Painted on the front wall is an incredibly gaudy rendition of two shirtless women with mongoloid faces. I hoped that this was only the work of a shoddy caricaturist and not indicative of what was yet to come.

We filed into the trailer, which really, is literally just about the size of a trailer. One thing I immediately found shocking was that none of us were charged a cover. The other thing that I noticed was that the joint was definitely not jumping. There must have been all of 4 other people in there besides us. This place is too small to simply hide in the crowd anyway. Directly in front of you when you enter the front door is the stage. It's extraordinarily tiny. Not a lot of fancy lights or showy props either. Just a small set of stairs on the right that lead up to the platform. There were a few hoosier types sitting at some tables to the left of the room. To the right spanned the bar. A few people were already bellied up, including Dottie herself, chatting lightly and occasionally observing the show. We formed a bee-line for drinks. I ordered a Busch thinking that it would be the cheapest, but I still paid over \$4 for the thing. What else do you expect

in a place like that? The bartender seemed to be the most attractive woman in the place, and rest assured, she would be leaving her clothes on for the night.

We sat down at some tables in front of the bar and began to watch the show. The alternatives for dancers that evening were either anorexic women with fake boobs and mildly pretty, aging, made-over mugs or rotund and voluptuous heifers with similar facial features. Stilettos all around. Evidently, the higher the better. This was the first strip bar that I had been in where the girls picked the songs they wanted to dance to off of a jukebox set a few feet from the stage in front of us. If you walk up to the juke to peep at the selection, you are immediately and adamantly threatened by the establishment not to press any buttons. Only the girls get to choose. Some of them had a bit of taste, however. Although most of the CDs played like a KSHE rock block, there were a few others that made the evening more tolerable. For instance, some Bon Scott-era AC/DC began playing as soon as we walked in, so I was straight away satisfied. My pal Rob leaned over and made a request as the next girl was picking her numbers. I was pleasantly surprised later to see her twirl and writhe around to *Cars* by Gary Numan, although she kept giving Rob a confused look when she couldn't quite catch the groove.

I went to piss in the little bathroom after the song was over (and before the stripper had a chance to hit the table, personally asking for cash). Scribbled on the wall above the urinal was the expected amount of pro-pussy/anti-faggot propaganda. Judging by the legibility of the writing, I'd say their other hand was quite occupied. I broke a piece off the toilet when I was flushing it, but it looked like it had been broken before, so I propped it back into position and went to get another beer. When I exited, I saw that roving reporter Steve had already struck up a conversation with Dottie. That's how I got the beef on the relocation. He said that she also commented on the dancer who was now up on stage, saying that she'd do a lot better if she lost a little weight. That and the fact that the skinny girls are getting into crack. He even talked her out of a free shirt. Steve came back and relayed all this to me while the group of us sat there gazing at the hefty girl. She must've been doing somewhat decent, because one of the hoosier fellas took up a seat at the end of the stage and kept feeding her bills for a little close action. Brian, Catherine, and Petra looked edgy, so we finished our beers and split.



Rob and Petra took a picture outside, and we hit the road. Steve called the Wayback Machine and requested something raunchy. Jaimz came on the air and said we were at Dottie's Body Shop. We stopped at a few other places by Fish's, but nothing really compared to our first trip to Dottie's. There's something I liked about the fact that it wasn't overly flamboyant and filled with executives or aging frat boys on bachelor party excursions. It was more surreal like something out of a David Lynch movie. Amusing to say the least.



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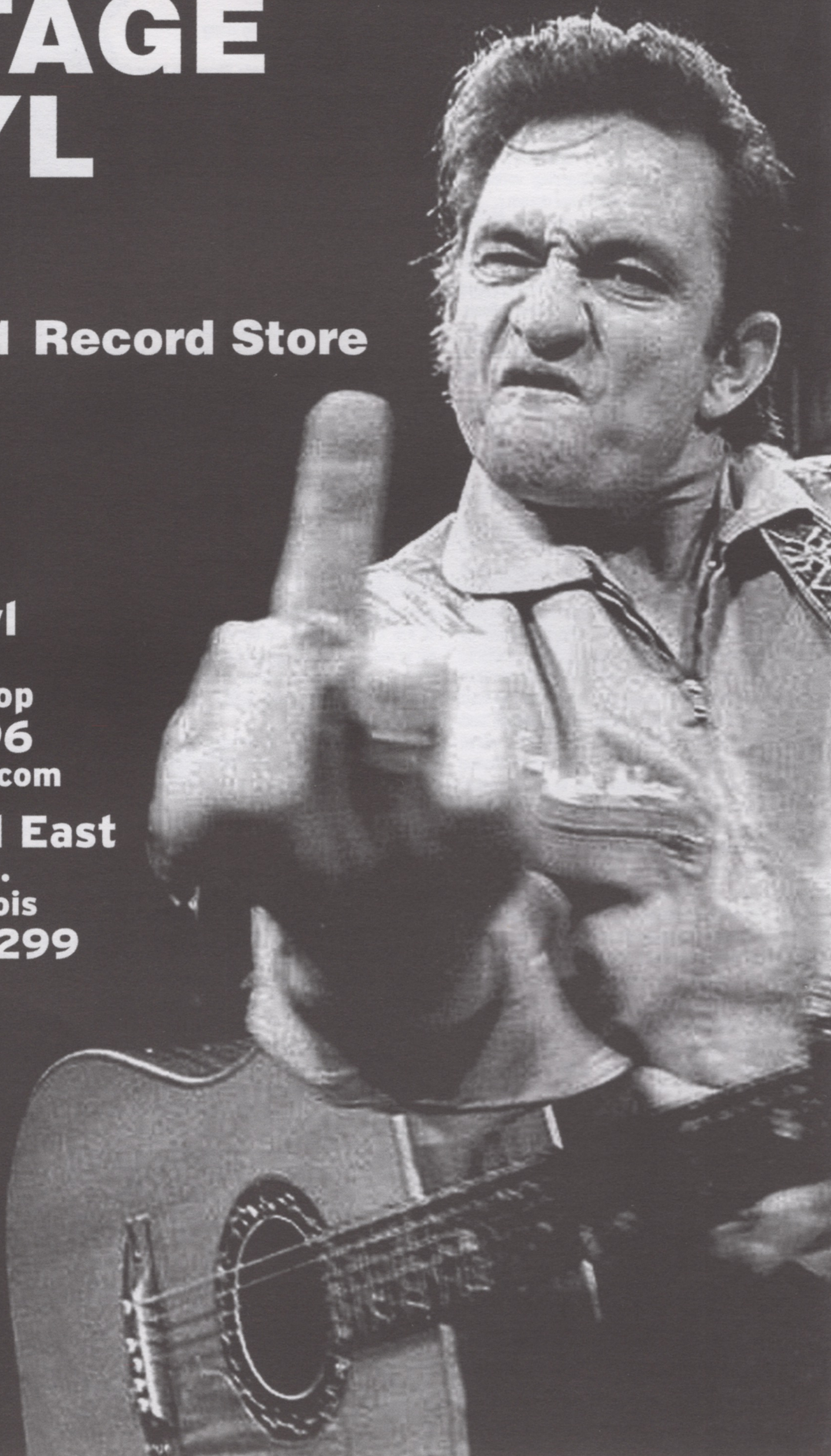
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RECORDS & CDs

THE ACTION TIME "VERSUS THE WORLD" (SOUTHERN RECORDS)

Great new CD by a yet-unheard-of British band that falls somewhere in between '60s soul and some of the more new wave-influenced modern garage bands. I like about half of this CD. But the half that I like, I "really" like. It's just that some of it is a bit too "indy" sounding for me. As an indicator of this, it's mentioned that this release is "for fans of: Make Up, Huggy Bear and Shangri-La's." The Action Time actually reminds me a bit of a combination of The Diabolicks or The Bristols meets the Pixies, with a touch of The Fall. It's alive, fun, quirky, sonically exciting rock 'n' roll. Definitely cool stuff, even if some of it is a bit light & poppy for my tastes. You get the girl/boy duo vocal duties that are courtesy of THREE lead singers (seriously, they're listed on the bio sheet as having no other responsibilities other than "vocals," yet no band member is credited for playing the organ, which is an essential ingredient to their unique sound) and the guy's voice reminds me quite a bit of Mick Jones (The Clash). Tracks that really stood out to me on first listen: "Stranded on a Lonely Planet," "Rock and Roll," "The World Is Against Us," and "I Will Fear No Evil." For some reason, this band also brings back memories of Sigue Sigue Sputnik (especially on "Soul On Ice"). Don't ask me why.

...kopper

DAVIE ALLAN & THE ARROWS "LIVE RUN" LP/CD (TOTAL ENERGY RECORDS)

After being raked over the coals for decades by Mike Curb (who's also been rumored to have screwed over the likes of Merle Haggard, Kacey Jones, and more recently, Hank Williams, III), who co-wrote and owns the rights to most of Davie Allan's '60s surf & biker movie soundtrack instrumental wizardry, a deal is supposedly being worked out in which this fuzz guitar god will finally be able to get some royalties and see a legitimate reissue of much, if not all, of his fantastic '60s music on CD. In the meantime he's been busy recording stuff for labels like Dionysus, Gearhead, Lookout (w/Mel Bergman in the Phantom Surfers), Blood Red (again w/Mel in the Ramonettes) and Total Energy, including this incredible live disc with good solid production, which showcases his buzzsaw guitar in primal, hard driving form as recorded on a recent tour. This disc really rocks, and shows that Davie hasn't let up one bit or watered down his sound over the years. "Shape of Things to Come," "Apache," "The Unknown," "Blues Theme/The Born Losers Theme," "Experiment in Terror," and other great classics and newer cuts are included here in a great live set. Listen to this and, at least momentarily anyway, you'll forget all about Dick Dale, Duane Eddy, or Link Wray....kopper

ANDY C & THE ROLLER KINGS SELF-TITLED 10" EP/CD (SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY)

Yeah! It's like the Devil Dogs never went away!! Fabulous Devil Dogs frontman Andy Gortler returns with a new band, his first since the demise of LosPrimos. Other former members of Los Primos joining him are Candy Del Mar (The Gramps) on bass, Pete Linzell (The Raunch Hands, Dragsters) on sax and the amazon' Ron Salvo (ex-Snuka) on drums. The Roller Kings also feature Steve "Bike Chain" Greenfield (ex-Fleshtones) on baritone sax. Need I fucking say more?!! Five songs here, all kick serious sax-driven rock 'n' roll ass. Buy it or be a complete fool....kopper

BANTAM ROOSTER "FUCK ALL Y'ALL" (SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY)

Sure, there's plenty of blues-spazz freak-outs with shrieking falsetto vox. Sure, it's still snarly, primitive punk, noisier than any two guys ["but with overdubs," HIAMBI Jon points out] should be able to pull off. But this album makes the transition to BIG ROCK, with diverse songwriting and thoughtful arrangement only hinted at on previous Crypt outings. "This Time" and "It Girl," two grinding, dirgey numbers, made me nostalgic for geometry classes spent listening to Every Good Boy Deserves Fudge on my Walkman. You also get a cover of the Victims' "High School Girls." T. Jackson Potter, while foxy and a great entertainer, has a voice that frequently crosses the line from "CRAZY!!!" to "AFFECTED!!!" but doesn't detract from the style and spirit that distinguish Bantam Rooster from any number of other bands who lift their cover art from vintage men's magazines....maija

BIG RAY AND THE FUTURAS "DESOLATION PLANET" CD (DOUBLE CROWN RECORDS)

Fifteen original surf/instrumental numbers here by this Boston-based band, mostly in the "prog" vein (as opposed to "trad" surf, doncha know). Usually prog stuff puts me to sleep, but honestly, this is kinda growing on me (ACK! Prog Surf Rash!! Somebody get me some ointment!!). Most prog surf that I've heard is too hippy-dippy for me, but this is pretty cool. Anyway, there are three phenomenal tracks on this CD, "The Glowing Men," "The Condor," and "Tomahawk." The rest is kinda dreamy, mysterious, spacy, reverb-drenched stuff. Pretty peaceful, actually. Not usually my cup o' tea, but this is a good one to read to, or listen to while driving in the rain. It probably wouldn't even annoy the neighbors at high volumes!...kopper

BLEED "MOTOR PSYCHO" (MUSICK RECORDINGS)

These boys, a power trio, have been playing around Milwaukee for quite a few years. And not until now have they put out a full-length album. Well worth the wait; it takes the old '60s garage sound and adds a lotta heavy edge to it. The "ballads" rock too! All presented with just a touch of soul on the crunching end of things. It has 4 balls...-jz

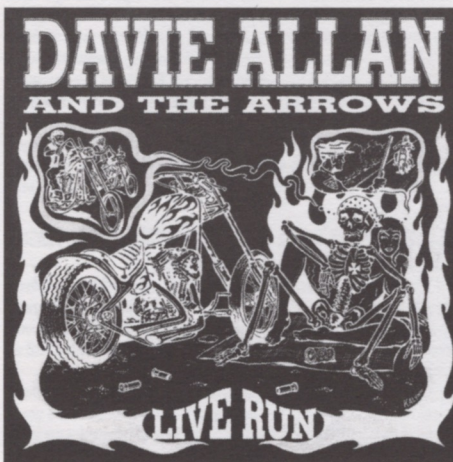
THE BLOWTOPS "BLOOD AND TAR" 10" EP (BIG NECK RECORDS)

Christ! This is some fucked up shit! 8 tracks of noisy, fuzzed-out, chaotic rock 'n' roll. This will scare the bejesus out of anybody! The perfect combination of lo-fi garage, Dwarves-style raw punk 'n' roll, and abrasive noise-core. Not only is this a fucking phenomenal record, it can also be used to get unwanted party guests the hell outta your house, or to annoy those neighbors on sunny spring afternoons when you've got all your windows wide open and the hi-fi cranked. If you've got their full-length LP on Flying Bomb or the Estrus 7" you pretty much know what to expect. All hail Big Neck Records for releasing this baby!...kopper

THE CAVEMANISH BOYS "GET A LOAD OF..." LP/CD

(MUNSTER RECORDS)

I knew there was a reason I like these guys... They're fronted by MIRACLE WORKER Greg Mohr on lead vocals! So yeah, you know it's gonna have that amazing garage snarl that the Miracle Workers were known for. Other members of this band include members of SPRINKLER and DHARMA BUMS. So what you get is sort of an updated Miracle Workers sound that's pure psychofuzz-R&B & garage rock that'll rattle your bones. This is mean, fun, fucked up shit (just listen to "Sunday Street" and see what I mean). An incredible CD that's a must for you garage punks....kopper



THE CHERRY VALENCE • S/T • (ESTRUS)

They call themselves The Cherry Valence and man, is this a cool record. Very loose blues/punk based boogie record that puts you in a mood to groove. At times the vocals have this wailing that reminds you of a young Robert Plant but leaves you without the Zep zeal. If you're looking to rock 'n' roll this record is worth spending your money on. If your party happens to be dead, this record will have everyone talking once you hit the play button on the CD Player....the leeman

THE COME ONS /SELF-TITLED LP/CD

(SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY)

The Come Ons seem to carry on somewhat where The Detroit Cobras left off a few years ago. They're from Detroit and they play that groovy Motown-style sound that is very soulful and stylish. I believe the sexy lead vocalist also shares duties with the Gore Gore Girls (at least she LOOKS exactly like her and they're from the same town, ok?). This was also recorded at Ghetto Recorder studios and produced by Jim Diamond as was the new Gore Gore Girls release (Get Hip). The music on this release features some killer harmonica, Hammond or Rhodes organ (the organist is originally from St. Louis, by the way) and tamborine, mixed in with the guitar, bass, and drums. Their sound is not nearly as raw or gutsy as The Detroit Cobras, but the style is very similar. At times the vocals sound like Holly Golightly of The Headcoatees fame. There are an incredible 17 songs on this CD, including 3 covers: "I Get So Excited" (Gordon/Grant), "I Feel Good All Over" (Blackwell/Scott), and "I Wanna Be Loved" (Thomas) and five soulful instrumentals. While this is an excellent album and will no doubt turn on many people, I'd probably still recommend the new Detroit Cobras over it (also on Sympathy)...kopper

DEAD MEADOW S/T (TOLOTTA)

Here's a plain and simple description of this record: Bongtime!! Very cool and very trippy. Bell Bottoms and a love for Black Light Posters are a must when listening to this record. Your Dad, the ex-hippie now working for Krispy Kreme Corporate Headquarters will no doubt be sitting next to you in his Hawkwind t-shirt, circa 1972, while you both sit with Chinese eyes and burning incense fills the room. You sit together in harmony as Father and Son and nod to the jams coming from the stereo. Mama is down stairs making brownies!!

...the leeman



THIS MOTHER FUCKER IS PISSED!!! HE WASTED A WHOLE WEEK'S PAY ON CRAPPY RECORDS BECAUSE HE MISSED AN ISSUE OF HEAD IN A MILK BOTTLE

"DEMONS" "RIOT SALVATION" (GEARHEAD RECORDS)

Yes, the name of the band is "DEMONS" (including quotation marks)! This CD is the first full-length LP from this band from Stockholm, Sweden, and baby, this is real rock 'n' roll. Raw, high-octane rock 'n' roll energy played tightly and without pretension. Fans of The Hellacopters, Turbo Negro, Flaming Sideburns, Didjits/Gaza Strippers, and the New Bomb Turks should take note. This is a real winner....kopper

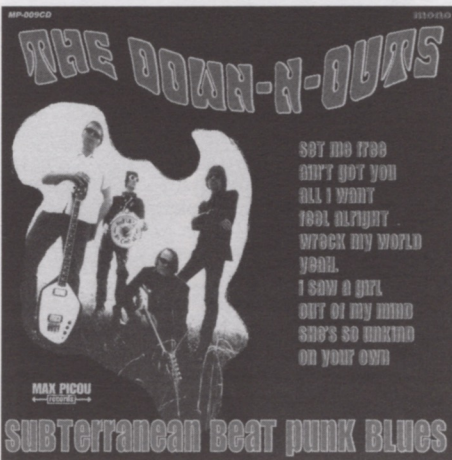
DETROIT COBRAS "LIFE, LOVE & LEAVING" (SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY)

This is the only record I'm going to listen to for the rest of my life. Given up for dead years ago, the Detroit Cobras have undergone a lineup overhaul and released an album that makes their stunning debut, "Mink Rat or Rabbit", sound like one-lake basement demos. The concept is the same--soul and pop standbys run through the crunchy-guitar Garage-a-Matic and finished with showpiece female vox--But the band delivers "Life, Love and Leaving" with a more confident polish and lush, nuanced production. Though Rachel Nagy's voice has always been memorable, it is now a full, expressive aural glow that still cracks and growls like a punk singer's should. A lock for Album of the Year, and a testament to the potential of the garage-rock genre....maija

THE DOWN-N-OUTS "SUBTERRANEAN BEAT PUNK BLUES" (MAX PICOU RECORDS)

Debut long-player from this frantic Denver combo (named after a classic American International Pictures flick) serves up some intense, demented garage rock in the form of primal R&B-laced "beat punk" that'll have you shakin' your silly little ass right off. Their raw sound swings between wild, mid-'60s teen punk rave-ups to moodier, more jangly stuff. Comparisons to other bands past and present would be silly at this point. Besides, future bands should be compared to them! The Down-N-Outs feature Michael Daboll, formerly of The Element 79/360 Twist! Records. The label that put out this slab (Max Picou) somehow screwed up and only issued 50 of these with the actual printing on the discs, so most of 'em comewith CDs that are totally blank on the outside, but still contain the goods when you slap this bitch in your player, and THAT's what counts, baby! Although it probably also means that the 50 or so copies that ARE out there with the printing on the CD will eventually go for upwards of \$100 or more on eBay... but who cares! Let the collector geeks fight over 'em. Meanwhile I believe Vintage Vinyl still has some in stock left... But get it any way you can. You WON'T be disappointed...kopper

-We sure weren't when they smoked through their set May 18th at the Hi-Pointe. I highly recommend this and all their releases.-ed.



RECORDS & CDs

THE DYNOTONES SELF-TITLED CD (HEP CAT RECORDS)

Woah, dad! This is one HOT surf release. OK, first off just let me say that technically this one was released sometime in 2000 (with a few of the tracks being recorded and produced by none other than one Deke Dickerson himself at Ecco-Fonic Studios). But, we didn't get our grubby mitts on it until a few months ago, so yeah, this review's late, so sue me! This also happens to be the best god damned surf/hot rod release I've heard in a looong time. These Dynotones cats are iron cross-clad hodads from Orange County, California, the birthplace of the genre (circa 1963). Visually this is a really nice package. Way cool vintage hot rod photo on the cover and a great repro of a Big Daddy Roth-influenced Van Franco illustration inside the clear CD tray. And talk about reverb! This is some dripping wet stuff! This is a great collection of mostly originals and some choice covers (The Astronauts' "Surf Softly and Carry a Big Board," Bobby Fuller's "Wolfman," The Wailers' "High Wall," Link Wray's "The Fuzz," The Deadly Ones' "It's Monster Surfing Time," & The Ventures' "Vampcamp") that would make a good choice for surf music fanatics or gremmies just getting into the genre. Some of my favorite originals on this one include "99 A.D.," "Dynotone Stomp," the mysterious spy-fi flavored "Shadow Man" (nice use of the theramin on this one!), and "Devil's Martini." "The Money Shaker" is a groovy little mover, too, done in an East L.A. pachuko instro style featuring original Nocturne Jim Frias on sax! Surf music is alive and well heading into the new millennium, even if it is once again being relegated to very much a cult/underground status. Best chance of getting a hold of this one? Supposedly it's available thru Hep Cat Records distribution, even though the band self-released it on their own Dynotones Records label....kopper



THE FLAKES "BIP BAM BOOM!" 7" (JUST ADD WATER RECORDS)

A fab new boy band! Yippee!!! Discovered by one Melvin A. Frubacher, legendary manager of such bands as "No Town," "Front Street Boys," and "In Tub." This here is his latest discovery, The Flakes, which oddly enough features one Russell Quan (current and/or former member of such bands as The Mummies, Bobbyteens, Dukes of Hamburg, Maybellines, ad nauseum) on drums & vocals and the only other person whose name I recognize would be Brett Stillo, who was also in The Maybellines & The Count Backwards. Anyway, this rekkid is pure unadulterated primal rock'n'roll mayhem, as you ponce hairdressers should expect from these flakes (hence the name?). "Bip Bam Boom!" is great late '50s/early '60s Chuck Berry-influenced trash, and the B-side ("Roulette") is more of the same, and it's on a great new label, too. So buy it already....kopper

GASOLINE "FAKE TO FAME" (ESTRUS RECORDS)

This album crunches in the same fashion of the first by this Japanese "punk" trio. Not as great as their first which had a little more MCS/Michigan sound about it. On this one they experiment into "beat" and "funk" maybe a little more. Still a bone cruncher and a favorite of mine. 3 1/2 balls....jz

THE GOLDEN GUINEAS/RANDY CAPTAIN DYNAMITE HORNOCKER & HIS WORLD FAMOUS LOADED HOODS SPLIT 7" (KENROCK)

The Golden Guineas deliver the goods here, folks. Two great lo-fi garage punk numbers that'll have you up and out o' your chair in two seconds flat. Those two tracks are "Destination Action" and "Super Triple Hell, Baby!" Yeah! Side B is "100% BASS PLAYER FREE" lo-fi garage madness by Randy Captain Dynamite Hornocker And His World Famous Loaded Hoods. "Return to Perugia" is a pretty cool instro tune, and "Captain Dynamite" is gnarly Mummies/Supercharger-style raunch. Recommended!....kopper

GORE GORE GIRLS "STRANGE GIRLS" (GET HIP RECORDS)

How is it possible that Detroit can continue churning out great rock'n'roll? It's really quite mind-boggling! Here we have yet another in a seemingly unending supply of Detroit-style garage punk, courtesy this time of three devilishly sexy gals in Flintstones-style leopard-print dresses. The Gore Gore Girls deliver in-your-face, high energy, stripped-down punk that combines the best of what Thee Headcoates had to offer in addition to Detroit lo-fi big-beat madness akin to The Gories and classic Detroit rock'n'roll that includes just

enough of a Motown influence to give it that ass-swingin' soul. It's loud, raw, and typical of most recordings done at Detroit's famed Ghetto Recorders Studios (see also The Blacks, Dirt Bombs, White Stripes, The Dirty's, Blowtaps, etc.). Ronettes meet MCS? Headcoates meet the Gories? Demolition Doll Rods meet Mitch Ryder? Ugh. I'm getting a headache. This record's got it all, though. Uncut guitar rawness ("Hunt You Down"), Childish-style garage punk ("Go On," "Gore She's Got It"), girl group pop ("I'm Gonna Get You Yet," "Lovin' Machine," "Room in Your Heart"), trashy sleaze ("Star Struck," "Getting A Room"), and even some good raunchy country twang ("Country Man," "Stella"). Hell, "Hard Enough" comes as close to a New Bomb Turks sound as ANY girl band I've ever heard! Nice.....kopper

THE GREENHORNS SELF-TITLED LP/CD (TELSTAR RECORDS)

All right, listen up, kids. The Greenhorns are definitely very talented musicians and songwriters who love to play rock'n'roll with plenty of soul. This, their second LP shows them maturing very nicely without becoming pretentious or boring, and the bluesy feel of their garage rock'n'roll brings to mind thoughts of not only blue-eyed soul bands like early Yardbirds, Buckingham's, Kinks and Stones, but of Them. The funny thing is, their connection to Them may not just be strictly music-related, as the band's manager is one 56-year-old Stan Hertzman, former member of Them (OK, so it WASN'T the Van Morrison-fronted Irish/British band... it's STILL pretty cool that they've got a manager who was in a '60s garage band, isn't it?). Hertzman's Them was the '60s Cincinnati-based band. Anyway, getting back to the record, all I can really say is it's brilliant. Lead vocalist/guitarist Craig Fox at age 26 is already a seasoned vocalist, delivering his Stax/Volt-style soulful vocals with the ease of a professional having done it for longer than he's even been alive. And these guys know how to do all-out rockers as well as slowed-down groovers, such as "Stay Away Girl" and "Can't You See." No, it's not a record that's gonna kick your ass sideways with high-intensity trashy rock action, but it WILL get you to move, and sway, and groove, and bob that head and say, "Yeah, baby..." Need I say more?...kopper

THE HELLOCATERS & THE FLAMING SIDEBURNS "WHITE TRASH SOUL" SPLIT 10" EP (BAD AFRO RECORDS)

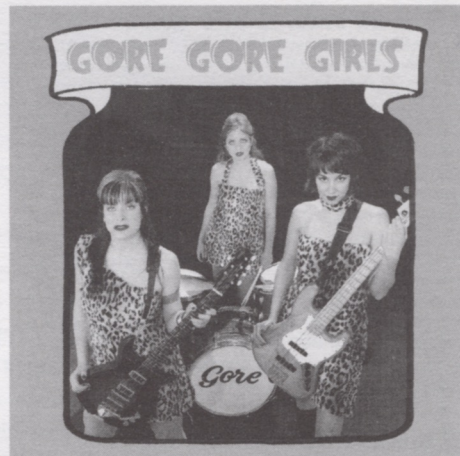
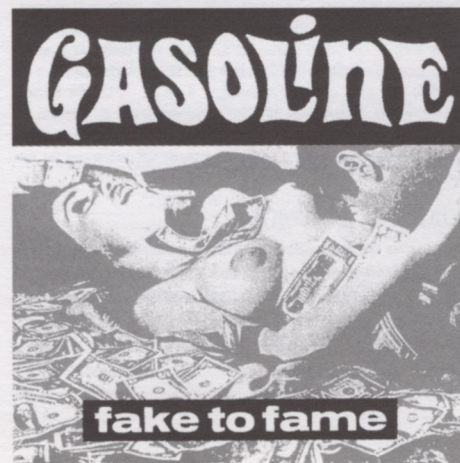
Wow! What a surprise this was to get! Two of the best rock'n'roll bands on planet Scandinavia on one disc doing three exclusive songs each!! The amazing Hellocats dish out two groovin' Smokey Robinson & The Miracles covers ("Whole Lot of Shakin' in My Heart (Since I Met You)" and "Get Ready") AND a cover of the Flaming Sideburns' "Ungrounded Confusion." The Flaming Sideburns then quickly return the favor by covering the Hellocats' "Psyched Out and Furious," as well as deliver two originals of their own that are a good indicator of their forthcoming full-length Bad Afro Records release due out later this spring. Nice!....kopper

THE HELLOCATERS "HIGH VISIBILITY" (UNIVERSAL)

Hmmm!! This record has not been released here in the states. But, when it does get released it won't raise your eyebrow. The songs are cool, but seem to lack the high octane to make the car go vrrrrrooommm!!! If you happen to be in your Geritol years, and your tired of hearing bands sing about drugs, sex, & rock'n'roll. Then this record is perfect for you while you collect Social Security checks and decide which type of Depends fits your sagging ass....the leeman

THE HIVES "A.K.A. I-D-I-O-T" EP (GEARHEAD RECORDS)

FUCK YEAH!! OK, I'll fucking admit. I can't get enough of these motherfuckers. When I listen to The Hives it makes me feel like a kid again... or when I first heard bands like The New Bomb Turks, Teenegenerate, etc. Their previous slab (last year's "Veni Vidi Vicious") on Burning Heart/Epitaph floored me. This one keeps has knocked me right back down on my ass again. These guys from Fagersta, Sweden have created such an EXPLOSIVE sound that melds all the best elements of punk, hardcore, garage and new wave. It really just needs to be heard to be believed. Listening to this guys makes me feel like a young punk all over again. This kind of youthful energy and wild abandon only comes around once every ten years or so. Don't miss the boat on these guys!....kopper



HOLLY GOLIGHTLY & DAN MELCHIOR "DESPERATE LITTLE TOWN" (SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY)

Finally, a full-length from two brilliant but occasional collaborators. Bruce Brand does the percussion honors. Ranging from quiet, creaky blues to bare-bones rock'n'roll, this features a nice integration of Golightly and/or Melchior-penned originals that complement the older material, rather than mindlessly aping it. Top-drawer writing and arrangement, plus minimal but expert production make this a satisfying purchase for the discriminating lo-fi listener....maija

THE HORRORS S/T LP/CD (IN THE RED RECORDS)

Goddamn this is some bad-ass LO-FI NOISE!! Dare I say the American version of Guitar Wolf? Wellll... maybe, but maybe not. Not quite as frantic as GW, but just as noisy and brutal on the ears! These crazy motherfuckers from Cedar Rapids, IA were no doubt bored outta their frigg'n skulls when they formed this band three years ago, when they were all just 18. And get this... guitarist Damn Easy's dad pounded some fierce rock'n'roll in the '60s with his band, The Embalmers! A chip off the ol' warped block! Damn Easy also plays through his dad's old beat up Silvertone amp! And the sounds that come forth are pretty disturbing and are just about guaranteed to clear any room... fucked up obnoxious rock'n'roll trash with definite blues and Pussy Galore leanings. The more I hear, the more I like. Not recommended for the weak of heart....kopper

TYLER KEITH & THE PREACHER'S KIDS "ROMEO HOOD" (BLACK DOG RECORDS)

Tyler Keith is actually Keith Tyler, former guitar/vocalist of The Neckbones. Neckbones fans will be happy to know Keith, er... Tyler, is still going strong - DAMN strong, actually - on this new release w/his new combo, The Preacher's Kids, which features a couple of former members of roots rockers, Blue Mountain. This is a hilarious release with some very witty lyrics mixed with straight-forward, unpretentious drunk punk blues. Some of my favorite tracks here would be "White Boy Blues Blues," "Youth Is Wasted on the Young," and "Livin' the High Life (With My Low Life Friends)." But really, there's not a dud on this. Fantastic '70s minimalist-style punk vocals (and maybe a touch of Neil Young) with some great harp blowing, female backup vocals, and a raucous tempo lay the groundwork for a CD that you can put on repeat and not get tired of. Oh, and they also do a great cover of Monsieur Jeffery Evans' "Chantilly Rock." Rest assured, this ain't no white boy blues posturing, it's just rock'n'roll, pure and simple, that's just punk respect for the kids to get into, and mature enough for 30-somethings to respect, with a fucking GREAT sense of humor thrown in for good measure. Get it....kopper

THE IRVING KLAWNS "PAJAMA PARTY" LP/CD (GET HIP RECORDS)

A great soundtrack for YOUR next pajama party, the Irving Klaws (named after the original fetish/bondage photographer) bring us a fantastic blend of poppy punk rock, melodic garage, surf and rockabilly that's got some real widespread appeal... The Klaws call it "PERVASIONIC!" - call it what you will, it is distinctly rock'n'roll. Their sound is made especially unique by the great upright bass playing of Rob Peltier (formerly of The Quakes) and the enigmatic wailing of guitarist/thereminist David C. Gutierrez. Nice vocal harmonies combined with some interesting instrumentation and excellent songwriting all contribute to a very fun record. I can see folks into bands like the Smugglers or Reverend Horton Heat really diggin' this one....kopper

KNOXVILLE GIRLS "IN A PAPER SUIT" (IN THE RED RECORDS)

Lots of BIG names in this band... Kid Congo Powers (Gun Club, The Cramps, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds), Jerry Teel (Honeymoon Killers, Chrome Cranks, Boss Hog), Bob Bert (Sonic Youth, Pussy Galore), etc... Supposedly live they are really good (too bad they canceled their ONLY show in St. Louis so far due to their van breaking down! - ed.). Sounds real promising so far, right? Well, sorry, but this release all but reminds me of a bad UNCLE TUPELO rip off but the songs aren't even as well written. I remember when people got mad when The Replacements went "folkie," I guess it's hip again. I find it unoriginal and uninspired, and not nearly as good as their first release. It hangs on with just 2 balls....jz

RECORDS & CDS

LES SEXAREENOS "CAN YOU DO THE NOSE MUSTACHE?" 7" (TELSTAR RECORDS)

These guys have to be my current favorite band at the moment. They're from Montreal and even played at last year's Las Vegas Grind festival. Their debut LP from a year ago (on Sympathy for the Record Industry) was one of my top five faves of the year and was just the sort of stuff us Farfisa organ-loving, Mummies-diggin' freaks were hungry for. This new 4-song 7" EP on Telstar is more of the same. No, they're not breaking any new ground here, but don't let that deter you from buying this. Two covers and two originals (and for the record, I like the originals better than the covers!) on this baby, including the amazing "Ruby D" which kicks off side A. Then you get a great cover of the Rovin' Flames tune "I Can't" (see "Hang it Out to Dry" on Satan), which is probably the only Sexareeno track to exceed the 3 minute mark. Side B features another fantastic original entitled "Girl" and then they break into Larry Bright's excellent classic, "Mojo Workout." Need I say more? Essential listening....**kopper**

THE LOST SOULS "MEMPHIS IS DEAD" (BIG NECK RECORDS)

A couple of songs try to sound like Supercharger. TRY being the key word here. I hate this album. I think it blows big-time. But you might enjoy it. I just don't think this band can write a good tune, let alone have a keyboardist that can even play!! I suppose I just expect more from a great label like BIG NECK. I guess it's just different with a trio playing drums, guitar, and synthesizer (not even good DEVO-type synth, either... Hell, who am I kidding? It's not even good FLOCK OF SEAGULLS synth!). NO BALLS. ...jz

MENSEN "DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR" (GEARHEAD)

This record caught me by surprise. Upon inspection of the CD inlay, I find a picture of a band that have 3 beautiful girls with a handsome drummer who looks as if he could fit in one of those Gap/Tommy Hilfiger ads in your most popular rock magazines. You know the one's where the model looks like he is smacked out on heroin, and super skinny with no claim to fame. Do not let this fool you. It is a good record. This band is from Norway, but that doesn't mean that it doesn't rock!! It's good. It's rock/punk done in a very cool style. You'll think of the Donnas briefly, but with no attitude....**the leeman**

THE MAGGOTS "GET HOOKED" (LOW IMPACT RECORDS)

A Swedish trio, these guys RIP ASS! I enjoy their singles a lot, but this album is a great effort, too. The cover of "Let's Go in 69" (The Customs V) is excellent. Some of the songs drift off for me, but all in all this album is fantastic kick-ass rock 'n' roll. It'll tear you up if you love your RnR heavy and crunchy. It gets 4 BIG balls. ...jz

THE MOVIEES "BECOME ONE OF THEM" (LIVING EYE/SUNDazed MUSIC)

This one's produced and engineered by Andy & Greg of THE CHESTERFIELD KINGS on their own label (Living Eye) picked up and distributed by Sundazed. This is my favorite album of the year so far. If any band has the potential to pick up the torch from such garage greats as the aforementioned Chesterfield Kings, The Lyres, Them, Small Faces, Flamin' Groovies, etc. etc. etc., it should be THIS band! The songwriting is phenomenal and fantastic, not to mention the band and how well they work together! This album is a blustery mishmash of garage, Brit-mod, folk-rock, and just rock 'n' fuckin' roll, babies!! With an incredible version of the '60s classic "You Got What I Want" (The Blue Boys). How many more names do I need to drop for you to call your cousins and tell 'em about this incredible freakin' album?! The Who, The Byrds, The Yardbirds, The Kinks... all rolled into one. This band has the potential for GREATNESS. 5 balls, no less!...jz

THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT "GEAR BLUES" (ALIVE/TOTAL ENERGY RECORDS)

Woah! Talk about heavy, brutal garage rock action! This Japanese band takes no prisoners, baby... Hard-hitting in-your-face rock'n'roll with emotional, intense instrumentation and vocals that blows the competition (IS there any?) clean away with this, the band's first smokin' American release. They call it "Japanese Monster R&B," a unique and ultrahard yet melodic approach to rock-'n'roll. Hey, whatever you wanna call it, this CD is scorching hot, and you should stop reading this review and buy it NOW! ...**kopper**



THE MISTREATERS "GRAB THEM CAKES" (BIG NECK RECORDS)

Incredible lo-fi garage PUNK blues action busting outta Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Ultra mean primitive skunk here, people, guaranteed to annoy the neighbors and send those unwanted guests runnin' for the doors at your next late-night shindig. This is the first full-length release for Bart Hart's BIG NECK Records label, and hoo-boy, does it SMOKE! 12 cuts... my favorites being "SC Twist," "(It's Always) Rico, Rico, Rico," "You're Fukkit' Fired," "I'm Sick," "Lively One" (yes, a cover of the classic tune by The Passions), and "I Won't Like You." Get it, punks....**kopper**

MISS LUDELLA BLACK "SHE'S OUT THERE" (DAMAGED GOODS RECORDS)

One of THREE HEADCOATES if you like Holly Golightly and that whole Billy Childish thang then I know you will love this! Admittedly, it took awhile for me to really dig this disc as much as I do (a couple of spins), but it really is one of my favorites. It features Mickey Hampshire from MILKSHAKES fame who writes many of the songs not withstanding the covers. They are some of the best and take the whole sound even further. High points include the pop sense of "Love Pours Out of Me" to the lowdown feeling I get from "No One Should Feel the Way I Do." For me this album cradles all 5 balls. ...jz

THE MULLENS "TOUGH TO TELL" LP/CD (GET HIP RECORDS)

This tough Dallas based quartet releases their third album to date. Is it a great record? Oh yes, definitely! Is it their best? No way. These guys' first two LPs were so amazing that even THEY can't seem to top them, especially their god-like self-titled debut LP on Get Hip. But don't let that dissuade you. You still get very melodic tunes with furious SG guitar riffs and powerful vocals that make for a perfect combination of Rolling Stones style and attitude with a '70s punk rock'n'roll approach. And this LP is still better than 90% of the other so-called punk rock being released. All 12 songs on this album are brand new originals and were recorded at their own home studio in Dallas. My faves on this baby are "Talkin' to My Baby," "Waitin' on the Jury," "Boy in a Band," and "Mover" (which brings back memories of the Sir Douglas Quintet's "She's About a Mover"). Gearhead wrote, "Imagine the Stooges, Dave Clark Five, New York Dolls, Heartbreakers and DMZ all in one band. Imagine that and you get the Mullens." I couldn't put it better. Turn it up!...**kopper**

NEBULA "CHARGED" (SUB POP RECORDS)

Goddamn!!! This record is a force to be reckoned with. Great songs to smoke a FAT ONE too. You wanna feel the power of what a great rock record can do to your mind when you just keep sitting in that chair at the crib while the lava lamp is on & the Acapulco Gold is escaping your lungs. Well this record does just that. If your friends don't see you for a while, trust me, they will know that you have bought the new Nebula record....**the leeman**

THE PATTERN "NON-STOP" 7" (GEARHEAD RECORDS)

Interesting lineup: Vocalist from The PeeChees and some other guys from bands such as Saint James Infirmary, The Cutz, Blackfork/Talk Is Poison, and the Nuisance. British R&B and Beat influences combined with a high-octane punk rock'n'roll punch makes this a damned good record. Kinda reminds me of the Didijs or Gazo Strippers. Not bad!...**kopper**

1 - THE PATTERN 7" FEVERISH (GSL)

2 - THE PATTERN 7" WET CIRCUIT CITY (ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES)

3 - THE PATTERN 7" NON-STOP (GEARHEAD)

Wow!! What can I say about these 3 7"s from the group known as The Pattern. The lead singer is Christopher who was once lead singer for the Peeches. It's more of a punk/garage type of thang going down on wax. I'm already hot and bothered for a CD from these guys. It's like The Dead Boys meets the Pagans in a back alley for a brawl but are too drunk to fight so they join forces and wind up doing a Band-Aid "We are the world" type of thing. Only that this shite ain't for charity. You gotta pay for these here 7" records. But, you'll feel more like a badass when you realize that Bon Jovi's resurrection will be short lived when, The Pattern, put a full length CD out....**the leeman**

PAGANS "SHIT STREET" LP/CD AND "THE PINK ALBUM PLUS!" LP/CD (CRYPT RECORDS)

What?! I have you been under a rock for the past twenty some years? You own the whole Dropkick Murphy's collection and think you know what real punk rock is? If you had any taste at all, you woulda already spent all your free time searching out the Pagans vinyl releases. But, since we all know you didn't do that, we sure hope you bought the "Everybody Hates You" collection that Crypt put out some years back. Now, if you didn't buy that, there's basically no hope left for you. You may as well go buy the complete Estrus back catalog and call it a day. So, for those that either were born too late, live under a rock, or just need a slap in the face, here's yer chance to get your grubby little mitts on the cream of the crop of early U.S. punk rock! Cleveland pumped out some great shit, but nothing that can touch the power of the Pagans first four singles. (Yeah, and that includes the Dead Boys!) On Shit Street, you get the all the original line up studio recordings in the best (by far, believe me!) sound quality ever. Plus the best sounding (early) live set I've ever heard from 1979. On the second part, The Pagans full length from 1983 (usually referred to as the Pink Album, although it never had a title.) gets the royal treatment as well. The original LP cuts and more from the same era that didn't make the album, plus (hence the title The Pink Album Plus!, imagine that!) a few live tracks, a couple more rare studio cuts and the great unheard until now, original studio recordings of the "What's This Shit Called Love?" 45. You couldn't ask for anything more perfect in this day and age of reissues! Drop everything you're doing and order these now! Get the vinyl and CD's to get all the tracks. (A couple vinyl exclusive tracks ensure putting these on vinyl worthwhile. Thank you Crypt!) Absolutely fucking essential PUNK ROCK that you cannot live without! ...**jason rerun**

THE PENETRATORS "LOCKED & LOADED" CD (DOUBLE CROWN RECORDS)

Wow! Very impressive release from the torch-bearers of the Southern Surf Syndicate (these guys are from Alabama). Great uptempo reverb crunchers mixed in with some mysterious moody melodies give this release lots of interesting moments. Great covers of the Super Stocks' "Midnight Run" and the Ventures' "Mariner 4" also combine nicely with the rest of these trad-style surf/instro originals. It'd be REALLY nice to see these guys play here in St. Louis sometime! Great CD...**kopper**

PIRANHAS "PIRANHAS ATTACK" EP (TOM PERKINS RECORDS)

Huggybear after being raped my Prince Charles. Less Huggybear, more Teengenerate. Organs....**deff stryker**

RED PLANET "LET'S GET RIPPED" CD EP (GEARHEAD RECORDS)

This EP is the CD version of the Gearhead 7" which contained just two songs ("Let's Get Ripped" b/w "Too Drunk to Fuck") and included here are three extra tracks, including a great fuzzy new wave number called "Big Hair Camaro." That and the title track are really the only two songs that I like on this. In fact, "Let's Get Ripped" reminds me of the Didijs or Gazo Strippers meets the Boys! The other three, including the DK cover, are weak and boring, including the utterly ridiculous acoustic sing-along at the end, "Find Me A Girl (Who Likes Me Best When I'm Drunk)." Ugh. These guys have a full-length release slated for release in June, let's hope they stick to the formula of "Let's Get Ripped" and "Big Hair Camaro" or we're in for another throwaway release....**kopper**

ROCKET 455 "GO TO HELL" CD (GET HIP RECORDS)

CD-only release compiling all of this band's great singles, their fantastic Get Hip 10" and a few other things. Excellent lowdown, gritty Detroit blues punk/rock 'n' roll mayhem. Nice extensive booklet included, too. The perfect retrospective of this amazing live band. Get it....**kopper**



RECORDS & CDS



THE RICHMOND SLUTS SELF-TITLED LP/CD (DISASTER RECORDS)

From what I can tell, Disaster Records is a subsidiary of Alive/Total Energy Records, which is a subsidiary of Bomp/AIP, which is a sibling of Vox, or something like that. Nonetheless, Disaster is part of fucking great family of record labels that have been around now for probably longer than many of you have been alive. The Richmond Sluts are the latest band to hop aboard the new Disaster imprint, which appears to be a label dedicated to the more classic '70s style punk rock (their previous releases include Duane Peters & The Hunns, Smogtown, The Pushers, U.S. Bombs, etc.). This album by The Richmond Sluts is my favorite release on this label by far. Their name comes from the sleepy Richmond District of San Francisco, from which they emerged in '97, sharing bills with bands like TSOL & U.S. Bombs as they started making a name for themselves. They're young, too. Singer Shea Roberts is just 21, and is able to pull off that vocal style where you put an extra syllable in words like "alright" so that it comes out like "all riot" without being annoying. And they play a very groovy, infectious blend of '70s punk'n'roll with a nice backdrop of piano & organ which gives this a definite soulful '60s slant. Their sound is similar to that of Thunders/NY Dolls glampunk, with a touch of mod/beatpunk & MCS/Stooges (think NYC meets Motown). Tons of attitude, and some killer songs on this LP. Highly recommended! ...**kopper**

THE ROYAL FINGERS "WILD ELEKI DELUXE" CD (DEL-FI RECORDS)

Here ya have it! Japan's newest surf music sensations and the best release to come out on Bob Keane's Del-Fi Records label in a couple of years: The Royal Fingers! Great up-tempo surf madness that definitely harkens back to the glory days of the genre in the early '60s. Phenomenal cover of Yuzo Kayama & The Laughers' "Black Sand Beach" (see "Let's Dig 'Em Up" on No Tyme for the original), "Running Donkey," and The Bunnys' "Test Driver." Some great originals mixed in, too (like "Bonneville," "Go Royal Fingers Go" & "Ace of Toyota"). Fire this fucker up at your next BBQ/pool party and see how long it takes for everyone to start groovin'. Nice.....**kopper**

SPEEDBALL BABY "UPTIGHT!" (IN THE RED RECORDS)

So, what has Mick Collins been up to since the breakup of The Gories? Christ, what HASN'T he been up to?! Let's see... The Dirtbombs, King Sound Quartet, Blacktop, The Screws, Andre Williams, hands in producing the Demolition Doll Rads, Red Aunts (and others), and now this? Well, I don't believe he's actually considered a "member" of this New York City band, but he does participate in this recording, singing lead on a great soulful, emotional track with a hint of gospel flavor called "Tappin' My Neighbah!" and also contributing to the fantastic, frantic "I'm Addictive" and "The Crybabies (Otis)." Otherwise, the lead vocal duties are handled by the very able-bodied Ron Ward. Fans of Jon Spencer's Blues Explosion (not to mention William S. Burroughs and Captain Beefheart) will no doubt flip over this CD, since it's got that same kinda funky, almost jazzy syncopated approach to a blues punch, complete with shouted "PLAY THE BLUES, PUNK!" type vocal outbursts and quite a few odd tempo changes to dislocate a hip or two. But goddamn, this fucker ROCKS! My three favorite tracks (besides the obvious ones with Mr. Collins' contributions) would be "The Al Green Shuffle," "Mekong Sue," and "Hot Boxin' Baby." Ouch!

...**kopper**

SILVER TONGUED DEVIL "RED-EYED & TONGUE-TIED" (GET HIP)

So the road is wide open. You have your favorite pair of old jeans on with that special t-shirt. You know, the one with the holes in it. You have your sunglasses on and you're flying down the highway in a 426 Hemi 'Cuda that you have just stolen. You find yourself involved in high speed chase and it's you the police are after. Admit all the sirens that are screaming behind you, you suddenly find yourself drawn to the fast, dirty, lowdown raw-as-fuck growling punk rock 'n' roll coming from the stereo of this stolen 'Cuda you are occupying. You put the pedal to the floor and turn the radio knob as loud as it can go. You think to yourself that this is a great fucking record as you take a drag from your cigarette....**the leeman**

SOLEDAD BROTHERS SELF TITLED (ESTRUS)

Oooooohh, they've got guns and they smoke, and they're holding Uncle Sam hostage. Look at that Eddie Cochran record and the cans of PBR casually scattered across the floor. Wow, they even got John Sinclair to write their liner notes. All-purpose revolutionary "white nigger" kids doing that fucked-up blues that's just so AUTHENTIC, complete with rote "Can I get a witness?" rock'n'roll preaching. This isn't scary or apocalyptic or even filthy. Johnny Walker (if that is his real name) has a voice that would be much improved by tilting many more fifths of his namesake. People whose opinions I respect really liked this, but it's the phoniest shit I've heard all year....**maija**

SULTANS "GHOST SHIP" (SWAMI)

Who doesn't like a good side project? Big, anthemic, machiavellian punk rock that is in no way a departure from Rocket from the Crypt stuff. Just more compact and efficient, with a strong pop sensibility and gritty production that you can settle into right away. If you're already an RFTC fan, you'll have an inkling you've actually heard all these songs somewhere before. They thank a bunch of made-up (I hope) punks like "Vicky Meth" and "South Bay Bandit Squad," which is hilarious if your sense of humor is so ridiculously rarefied....**maija**

SWAMPASS "NO MEANS GO" (SAFETY PIN)

Hailing from the Charleston, Illinois area, these smut rockers give you a mighty fine record. With songs like "Paste," "Filth" and "Piss on You Laughing." You know that you are gonna be in for a treat with this X-rated record of sin, lust, and desire. The vocal style on this record will remind you of a Sid Vicious/Jello Biafra attitude. But, if you like your record dripping with hot oozing porn, this is the record for you!...**the leeman**

TAV FALCO & PANTHER BURNS "PANTHER PHOBIA" (IN THE RED RECORDS)

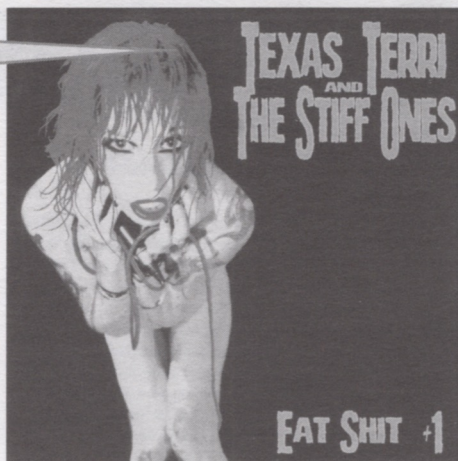
Good to see a new release from this classic Memphis bluesman, whose band is the proverbial missing link between the earlier forms of delta blues and the newer forms of raucous lo-fi blues punk. The Unapproachable Panther Burns started making their art/blues rock actions around 1979 in a Memphis cotton loft, before taking their primitive sounds to places like Vienna and Paris. "Panther Phobia" has helped the band return to the mythic Memphis garage of their origins. Monsieur Jeffrey Evans had a hand in the production of this great new release, recorded and mixed at Easley Recording in Memphis. I discovered Tav Falco around the same time I also discovered The Cramps, and I always felt the two bands' music really complimented each other. Well, that hasn't changed a bit. This one comes pretty damned close to the genius behind "Behind The Magnolia Curtain" and it's nice to see Tav getting help from other Memphis blues punks like Jack Oblivian. Fave cuts: "Streamline Train," "She Wants to Sell My Monkey," "Once I Had a Car," "The Young Psychotics," and "Wild Wild Women." Highly recommended....**kopper**

TEXAS TERRI & THE STIFF ONES "EAT SHIT + 1" (JUNK RECORDS)

If Wendy O. Williams of the Plasmatics was a University, Iggy Stogee would be the Dean. Both would be very proud of a graduate named Texas Terri. This goddamn record is very cool. What more can I say? It Rocks!!!!!! If Texas Terri happens to be coming to your town, do yourself a favor and check her out live. She puts on on helluva show. I got a chance to talk to Terri when she was here in St. Louis. She told me that Jack Douglass will be producing her next record. I'm looking forward to it. How about you?...**the leeman**

TRAILER PARK TORNADOS "HEROES OF THE HOPELESS" 7" (BIG NECK RECORDS)

Four songs here and man, is this some screamin' stuff! This is one of the latest blasts from the prolific Buffalo garage punk scene and the excellent Big Neck label: no-fi, don't-wanna-be-a-rockstar ragin' that charges straight ahead at full speed through all 4 songs. Loud fast rules, baby!...**kopper**



YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS & THE MINUS 5 (SPLIT LP)

"BECAUSE WE HATE YOU/LET THE WAR AGAINST MUSIC BEGIN" (HOLLYWOOD RECORDS)

I was gonna review the new Young Fresh Fellows rekkid, but it pretty much sucks and wouldn't be worth the effort. -**jon varner**

Young Fresh Fellows!!!! What the hell is that??? I'm leaving my legacy with a bunch of halfwits???? If ya need someone to hit POPS for the Flock of Seagulls interview just let me know....**jim agnew**

Who's the halfwit here? You're not trying to say the two are in the same league, are ya? Jim obviously has never heard any of their music! 15+ years ago these guys blew fucking new wave crap like A Flock of Seagulls right outta the water! Their version of "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Do" ranks right up there w/the Mummies, as far as I'm concerned (especially the guitars). And their sense of pop'n'roll humor should fit right in w/HiAMB. In my humble opinion they (along w/Girl Trouble, the Fastbacks, Mono Men, etc.) took the rock'n'roll torch from other great Pacific Northwest bands like the Sonics, the Kingsmen, the Wailers, Don & The Goodtimes, Paul Revere & The Raiders, etc. and kept it more burning with more excitement and energy than any over-hyped Seattle "grunge" crap ever did (except for maybe Mudhoney). Remember the YFF song "Beer Money," which slagged Del Fuegos? Or how 'bout "My Boyfriend's in Killdozer?" Other greats: "Teenage Dogs in Trouble," "Rock and Roll Pest Control," "Get Outta My Cave," and a great cover of the Sonics' "You've Got Your Head on Backwards." Or what about their album recorded as Ernest Anyway and the Mighty Squirrels (Sing the Hits of Johnny Kidd and the Pirates) in which they tear up an entire LP side of pre-Beatles '60s UK beat punk? I don't think A Flock of Fucking Seagulls ever recorded any kinda stuff like that! I'll agree with Jon that this new record is pretty weak in comparison (although I think their cover of Boyce & Hart's "I Wonder What She's Doing Tonight" would sound good on a radio show like KDHX's Afternoon Delight) but, Christ, man, don't slag their great early work! ...**kopper**

THE ZODIAC KILLERS "HAVE A BLAST" LP/CD (RIP OFF RECORDS)

Tim Lohmann calls this hardcore, but I can't go quite that far. It's just too snotty and trashy for that, ya know? Sure, it's loud and fast, but it's roots go deeper than early or mid '80s hardcore for me, probably because of those trademark Greg Lowery (Supercharger/Rip Offs/Infections) vocals. That and the fact that they do a couple great '70s punk rock covers: "Don't Talk to Me" by the Eyes (no, not the St. Louis Eyes and not the '60s mod band, either) and a fantastic cover of PVC's version of "Goin' Down." When I think of hardcore I think of either ultra-political lyrics or total non-melodic, testosterone-fueled, thick-headed adolescent posturing. This is neither. It's just stripped-down raw punk played at break-neck speed, got it? Good. Then get it, cuz it fuckin' smokes. This band also features a former St. Louisan in Jill Haley, who I never knew personally but whose brother Sean was in Laffin' Stock (how's that for a local connection?). Anyway, simply put, this album is pure unadulterated screamin' punk rock, essential for any HIAMB reader's record collection. Every song is killer. they play with the Adult Toys and The Spiders at the Creepy Crawl on July 8th! ...**kopper**

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"NEW WAVE"

NEVER HAPPENED!!



Do you have a clue what "zumbi" menas? How about "jinlessa" or "xzyyifubbrhrty"? Ab-so-fuckin'-lutely nothin'!! We just made 'em up! Sure, lots of people make up words or terms to associate with some object, movement, smell, sound, hair style, feel or lack thereof. That's how we distinguish between say a vibrator and a kindergartener. (or kindeegartner if you prefer) But, when some lowly hack dickhead comes up with an adjective do worthless, so nondescript, so....AAAAHHHHHHH... incredibly moronic, you have to take a stand! Sure, our organization of "NEW WAVE" revisionists, or "Rewavonists" as we like to be called, has a growing member base in places such as Ft. Lauderdale, Boise, Tupelo, Salt Lake City, etc. Sure, just last year we signed on over six hundred new Rewavonists. Sure we are the largest group trying to stop something twenty plus years after it happened! But that doesn't mean we still don't need your help! This is a call to arms to the people of St. Louis as well as those stuck in other dead end cities across the world! Join our ranks! Stand up for your rights! Learn and live our motto! **NEW WAVE NEVER HAPPENED!!!!**

IT'S A SHAM!!!

In the early fifties, a buncha back-woods white boy hicks started coppin' riffs from "Negro music" (Blues, R&B, Jump Jazz, etc.) Most of 'em being the offspring of married blood relatives, they were too dumb to realize the music they ripped off was made by the same people they hated at their klan meetings. All the lube-haired kids danced to the sounds of wild music played by white rednecks. This was the birth of "rockabilly" (Another term like "garage rock" and many others, that was used way after it first happened. Kinda a slam in our minds. "Hillbilly Rock n' Roll". I don't wanna be no hillbilly!) or early rock n' roll. (Even though the same sound was coming outta juke joints for years before that...) Whatever...then Rock n' Roll "progressed" to every phase from wretched folk-rock & shameless teen idol fare through psychedelia to glam to long winded lude-rock to completely un-fucking-listenable-eat-shit-John-Denver soft "rock". Total shit for the most part. Sure there were some silver lined turds in the sea of shit, but nothing like the late 70's!

With way too much wimpy hiking boot look at my cheesy beard as I shoot smack in the mountains and can't get it up for frumpy no bra girls like Carly Simon. The state of music was at an all time low!! Remember your 7th grade English teacher? I sure do, a kleptomaniac, three time divorcee, queen of the "I can recite every Robert Frost poem backwards on command" crowd. She and millions of other Gordon Lightfoot fans helped fuel the music revolution of the late 70's! These annoying people should be commended for supporting such vile output and then quickly brushed under the rug! (See our leaflet on our rehabilitation camp for sufferers of "J.T.S." or James Taylor Syndrome) So, A few people who still have minds left after the cocaine, large collar and jumpsuit era came up with something new.

Music put out in the late 70's that did not sound like the Doobie Brothers (competing in the neck & neck race for all time worst "artist" name with Englebert Humperdink) Disco, or Bobby Sherman sadly got lumped under a new moniker: "NEW WAVE". What is "NEW WAVE"? We don't know, but we know what it s not! It isn't anything at all! The proposed definition of "NEW WAVE" is describing the surge of new music groups from the late 70's through the very early 80's. That makes no sense at all to us! What genius thought of this? We're not sure of the actual one person who coined the term, but we do know we want him dead! When car companies produce a large amount of models from one year to the next, they don't refer to it as a "NEW WAVE" of cars! They don't do it with any other product or movements or anything! So why taint a good thing from the start? You must first realize that at least 65% of "ROCK" music at that time was called "NEW WAVE" Elvis Costello, The Cars, Blondie, Television, Clash, Suicide, Teenage Head, Pretenders...on down to things like Alice Cooper, Hawkwind and other middleaged 70's rocker-tryin'-to-stay-up-wit'-da-times by putting out a "NEW WAVE" record. Do all of these bands belong together? Sure Suicide sounds similar to the Pretenders. Uh,huh, and I won't cum in your mouth!!

As you can plainly see now, "NEW WAVE" is a meaningless term. There is no such thing as "NEW WAVE" music. There was a music revolution. There was the huge kick that music needed to do something exciting. Do NOT buy into the hype!! Do NOT try to become "NEW WAVE"!! Do NOT confuse idiots anymore than they already are!! DO send \$9.95 for our complete branch office starter kit!! DO inform your friends and family of this atrocity!! DO fight the ugly beast "NEW WAVE"!! DO be DO be DO!!!

GENERAL N.R.G. DOME
XOXOXOXOXO

I love Alice Cooper's

GENERAL N.R.G. DOME
XXXXXX

Disclaimer:
This, in no way condemns any music mentioned in the above manifesto. (Fer' cri-sakes, we love Alice Cooper's Flush the Fashion LP!) But, we do go on record saying that we Rewaveonists, as an organization, still hate James Taylor.
[unclear] necessarily those of Head in a Milk Bottle as a whole, individually, or in certain groups.

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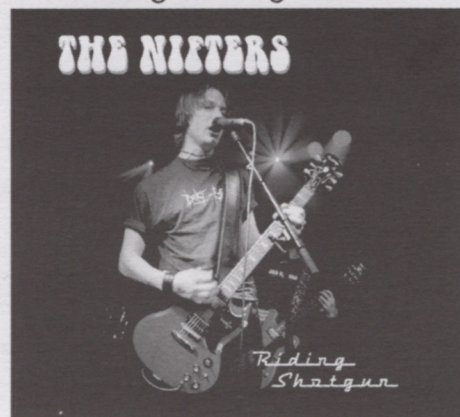
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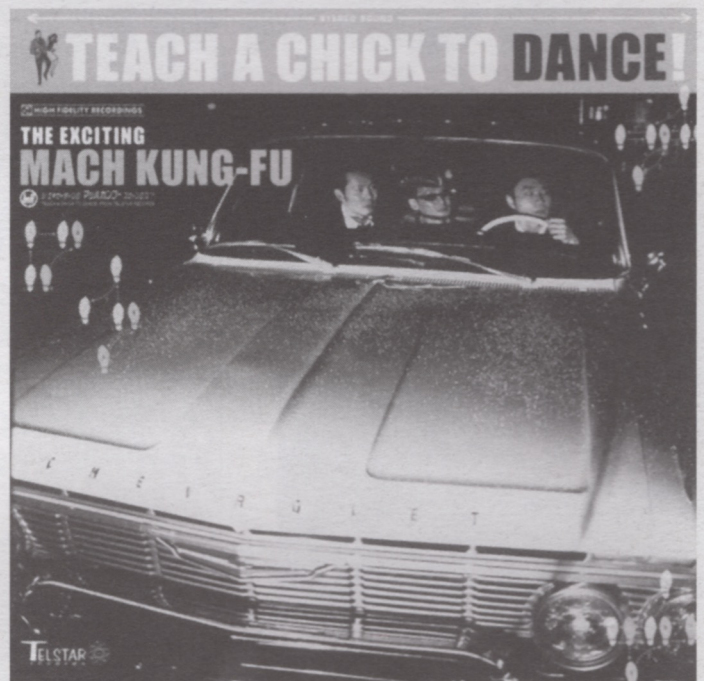


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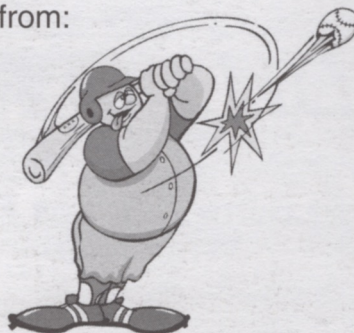
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